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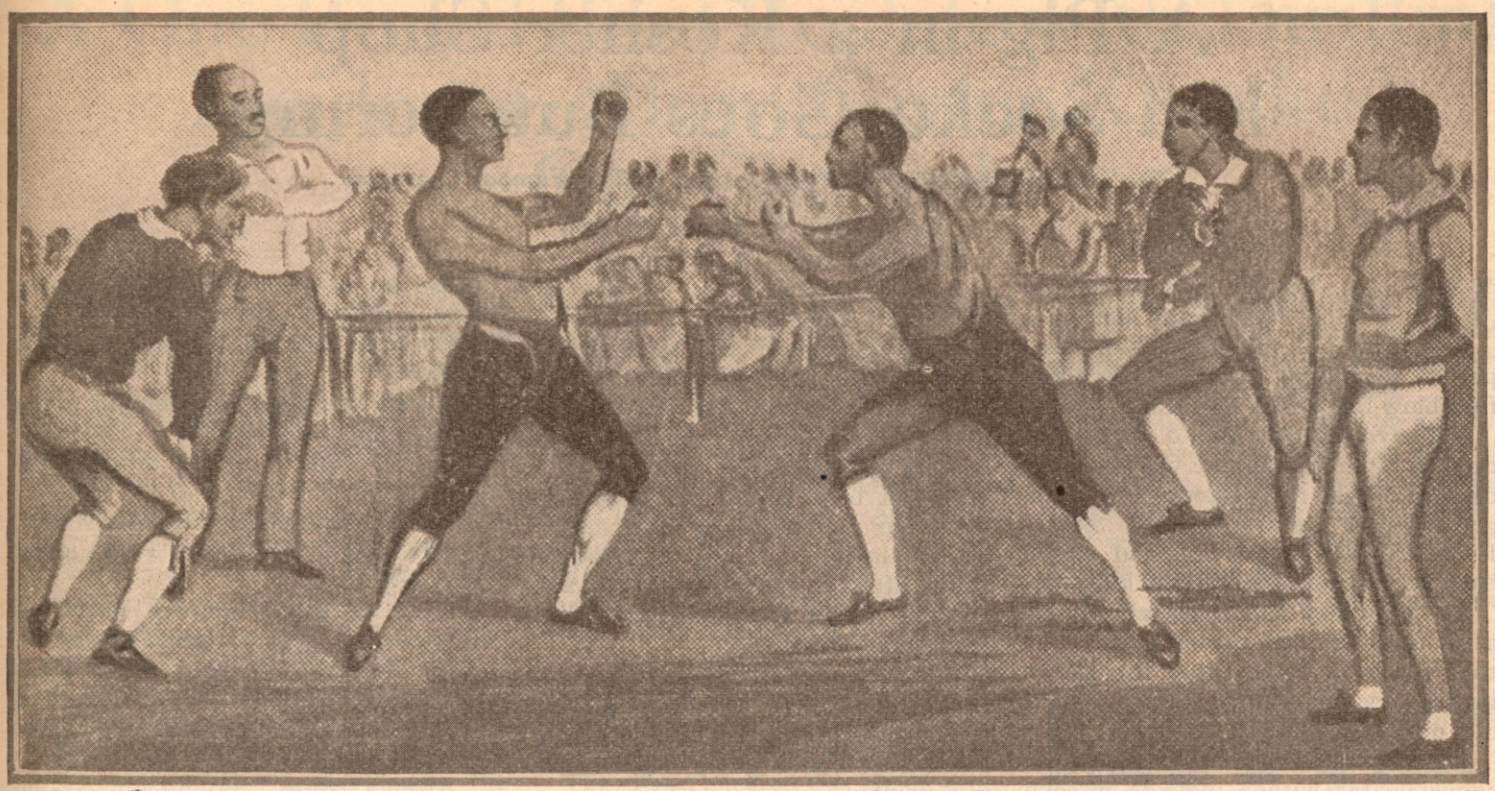

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A Pig in a Kosher Shop
Kid Socko Goes Butchering

The Thirteenth of a Series of Adventures of This Famous Character

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

WELL, friends, they is no use talking about hard luck to a guy like me, which can stand pat on a straight flush and have the fuse blow out before the draw.

If I have a bet on Man o' War when he is in there running, he will probably develop a case of sunstroke before he gets through the first furlong. And if I am Lloyd George, England would have been annexed by Ireland long ago.

The only way that I can win myself a bet is to bet with myself and if I do that it's even money that the stakeholder runs off with the jack before I can decide who win.

No, sir, they ain't no use trying to shovel water with a monkey wrench and they is no use for me to try to get away with anything in this world, because did I even put a five dollar bill with Henry Ford when he was starting his business they would still be rolling people around in chariots.

My motto is, when you are licked, stay down. They is no good getting furrows in your back from hitting the floor.

Well, friends, after my sad experience in the state of matrimony and seeing my sweet-an-pretty is provided with as many husbands as the law allows without she is Brigham Young, or someone, while I am still playing first sap in the orchestra, I figure that it is time to give the unfair sex the go-by and get right down to brass tacks. I have been handing out gold and platinum stuff long enough and the best I can show for it is a lot of scars where I have been getting it right over the collar for a long time—and likeing it at the same time.

So, I am all set for a clean-up in the business world, and I am ready to show some of these cheap guys like Morgan what a good man can do when he is in there in perfect condition.

They is a few fights that Young Marvelle has with some ham-and-beaners around the country and they take me about a little, us having to grab it while the grabbing is good. We beat a guy in Boston so bad that they is still picking boxing gloves out of his ears. And they is another guy in Providence which we trim so far that he still figures that they shot the mitts out of a machine gun at him.

In the between times we also pick up some peanut dough by dropping a stiff at Baltimore and sending over two set-ups in Philadelphia, all of which takes place in the short space of five weeks. And the best of it is that we get paid for all of them, so that I am right back there with a pleasant smile for the receiving teller at the bank, who is beginning to know me again after me being a comparative stranger to his side of the cage for a long, long while.

Well, friends, my motto is the better the going, the better the go; and if you leave it in the bank you can't lose it, but it ain't going to grow none in a vault.

I am figuring that I would like to have some good, steady graft, like Harry Stevens, which all he does is to sit around and ask the boys in the pest box who win the fourth at Latonia, and in the meantime his boys is hopping around selling his stuff for grandstand trade.

They is no gamble about a thing like that, but you are a good, substantial business man, loved and respected by all, especially by those which owe you jack, which is not so much at that, on account of most of your sales being cash.

Well, friends, no sooner thought of than done.

Along comes Phil Gootch, which used to run the American plan hotel out at Zenia, Ohio, when I was in the horseshoeing business, but has been East for a good while trying to see what he can do without getting pinched. It seems that he can't do much, for he is only down from the Summer resort at Ossining a few weeks when I run into him, but I don't find that out until after he is gone back for another spell.

He greets me like a long lost friend, which I am, and one word leads to another and the first thing I know he is letting me take him to lunch.

They must teach you pretty good up at those Mutual Farewell joints, because this guy can order himself a heavy luncheon in seventeen languages, including the Scandanavian. He does, too. The only thing he can't read is the figures in red at the bottom of the check, but that is probably because he is color blind from having looked at grey so long.

Between courses, he says to me as follows:

"Well, you must have found a pretty good thing for yourself."

I snap right back at him, as follows:

"No better than you do," I say.

"Ha! Ha!" says he. "That's good, Ha! Ha"!

Well, he laughs quite a while and that puts me in pretty good humor, because I am glad to meet a guy which has sense enough to recognize a snappy line when someone else pulls it.

After a while I say to him as follows:

"How are they treating you?" I say.

"No one ever treats me half as much," says he, and of course, I have to give that one a play.

So we go on clowning and pulling snappy stuff for a while and then he says, as follows:

"Would you like to make a big lot of jack?" says he.

"Would Ike Dorgan like to see Charlie White win the title?" say I.

Gootch takes himself a long breath and winds up.

"Have you ever been in the kosher butcher business?" he asks me.

"No," I say. "What is the kosher butcher business?"

"Don't you know?" he asks.

"No!" I tell him. And I don't. It's new to me.

"We'll get around to that later." he says. "It don't matter much."

Then he tells me suppose I could get the exclusive right to sell any stable article to all the stores in the city, by giving them ten bucks apiece for the privilege, look what I would make.

The idea is this, he says to me. You don't try to deal with the big manufacturers. What you do is to go to the store-keeper and say, now I will give you ten bucks a year for a contract for you to buy all your sugar from me at the market price, or your eggs, or your coffee, or anything like that. Then, he says you go and do business with the makers and they will sell you their whole output and you

(*Continued on page 7*)

A One Round Bout Replete with Thrilling Incidents—How Carter Knocked Out Choynski

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

ONE of the shortest "great" fights in the history of modern pugilism was that between Joe Choynski and Kid Carter in the Chicago Athletic Club in 1892. It was one of the most desperate battles ever staged in the American ring, and it lasted just one round and resulted in both fighters being knocked out!

Kid Carter came from Brooklyn. He was a terrific hitter, but unskilled as a boxer. He was a glutton for punishment, sturdy and fearless. He whipped Joe Wolcott when other fighters were afraid to go near the Barbadoes demon.

Choynski, then at the peak of his fighting form, the master boxer, the foxy strategist, the wicked hitter, who cut and bled his opponents and then knocked them kicking, signed to meet Carter, knowing full well that he could stand off the terrific slugging of the Brooklyn boy and win without much difficulty.

Joe was a workmanlike ringman. He wasted no time when he could avoid it. So at the tap of the first gong he stepped out to finish Carter as quickly as possible. Carter rushed Choynski, received a right in the nose, fell back, but came in for more, swinging his arms like sails, missing as the clever Choynski blocked and ducked.

In ten seconds Joe had Carter cut and bleeding. In twenty seconds he had the Brooklyn boy groggy. At the end of the first minute of fighting Carter was half blinded, half senseless. The Kid was covered with gore. The crowd cried for a halt. Carter heard, and put up one hand in an appeal to be allowed to continue. The crowd grumbled. Choynski, though a punishing fighter, himself felt a wave of pity for this awkward fellow in front of him, but it was his business to fight, so fight he must.

He kept at Carter. In another half minute Carter was reeling like a drunken sailor. He was blood bespattered, but remained on his feet only because of his wonderful endurance and his lion courage.

Suddenly Choynski shot over one of his terrible left hooks. It landed under Carter's chin. The Kid spun through the air, both feet left the canvas, and he flopped near the edge of the ring, flat on his stomach.

The referee raised his arm and counted to three. Then Carter rolled over. At six he got to one knee, while the amazed crowd sat up in wonderment. At eight Carter pulled himself to a kneeling position. At nine he rose.

Choynski, standing back in his own corner, could hardly believe his eyes. Could it be possible? Apparently it was. There was Carter, standing with his left hand grasping the upper rope, his head bent forward on his chest, his right arm half cocked at his side.

The crowd cheered this bit of gameness. Choynski stepped over quickly to finish his man. He stepped in close where his left hook could operate effectively. He brought the left back to shoot it, when, like a bolt from the blue, Carter catapaulted himself forward, using the tension of the rope as the string of a bow is used to shoot forward an arrow. That half cocked arm shot out straight as a rivet gun and as deadly and caught Choynski flush on "the button." Joe went down like a sack of meal, dropped from a house top.

Carter stumbled a couple of steps, when he, too, sank to the canvas. He was carried to his corner, while the referee was counting the doleful ten over Joe. In another ten seconds Choynski was "back," but the loser, while Carter, the victor, sat unconscious in his corner, his seconds working feverishly to restore him.

Choynski hadn't a mark on him. Carter was cut to ribbons, his eyes and lips swollen, his mind dazed. He didn't know until the next morning that he had won, and it was ten days before he was in shape again.

It is the epic among short great fights.

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The Whirlwind That Blew Up in Dixie

By PETER BURNAUGH

Cartoons by George A. Peck

MR. DEWEY MANILA JACKSON, known to the boxing fraternity of uptown New York as "The Dixie Whirlwind," stood before his mirror lovingly admiring two dazzling creations of the shoemaker's art which covered his pedal extremities.

"Man," said Dewey to the mirror, "you *got* yo'self some shoes!"

They *were* some shoes, too. From a foundation of glistening black patent leather, which formed the lowers, arose the uppers of milk-white kid. Over this part played a black stitching of elaborate design of curlicues. But the final touch that made them absolutely apart from any shoes that had ever been constructed before was found in the buttons. They were not ordinary buttons. They were of mother of pearl, and each was studded with a large imitation precious stone. Dewey had the solemn assurance of the maker that each jewel was genuine.

"Man, Yoh got yo'self some shoes!"

"Shoes," he said, "reckon does you know wheh you goin' take li'l Dewey? Well, lissen, shoes, lissen to pappy. Tomorr' mawnin' us goes prancin' down de 'isle to de weddin' ma'ch, heah? Look at me, shoes. Hot dog!" And humming such a wedding tune as never had been heard in church or chapel, the Whirlwind paraded back and forth before his mirror in his best cake-walk manner, with an imaginary "high-brown" on his arm.

Still stepping high, he snatched his hat and cane and was off down the street to see his dusky queen. A fragment of the song hung on his lips:

"Oh, a dark-skin woman make a houn' dawg lose his—
Ah said lose his—
Ah mean trail,
"Oh, a dark-skin woman make a houn' dawg lose his trail,
But a high-brown lady
Make a cat-fish
Bite a whale.
Ah said whale!"

That evening found Dewey Manlia Jackson, bedecked in his checkered suit, his pearl derby and what he called his "Tiffany shoes," in the back room of a saloon in the section of Harlem known to its inhabitants as Little Dixie.

Around the table sat a group of his friends of both sexes, among them the object of his affection, Miss Ammonia Brown.

"Cohse I'se happy," Miss Ammonia was saying, "cohse I is," and her cavernous mouth flew open to display a glistening row of white teeth and permit the escape of an unbelievable burst of laughter. "Reck'n wouldn't you all be too, wuz

"Cohse I'se happy."

you announcin' yo' engagemen' to dat beautiful chile 'cross de table.

"Wha's ma honey goin' tonight?" she continued. "Tell 'em, honey, er mebbe hadn' you be modest en let me tell 'em. He goin' up to de athaletics club and knock out a yaller limberjack, en' he goin' bring me back de two hund'd dollahs, ain' you, honey? An' tomorr' mawin' we steps roun to de preacheh. Do I tell it, honey?"

"Baby," answered Dewey, grinning, "you sayin' de truth an' no mo'. An' ah reckon ah betteh be shakin' de legs. Set heah, Baby, set heah while de Whirlwin' go an' put dis limberjack to sleep. 'Twont be hard and 'twont take long. Jes' one roun—One Round Dewey, dat's me." And to the waiter:

"Dudie, us is goin' have one mo roun' o' that good gulf gasoline 'fore ah go."

Half an hour later, well fortified with gin, Dewey was on his way to the home of the 135th Street Athletic Club to meet The Memphis Cannon Ball in a six-round battle. For the crowd it would be just a preliminary to the big fight of the night. It meant a lot more to Dewey, but he had no doubt of the result. The Cannon Ball was meat for him.

"Den action dey gits!"

When Dewey arrived at his destination he met an angry manager and an angrier crowd. The first preliminary had been called off, his bout was moved up, and the impatient crowd was stamping and shouting for action. Dewey was hustled to his dressing room and an attendant began to strip him.

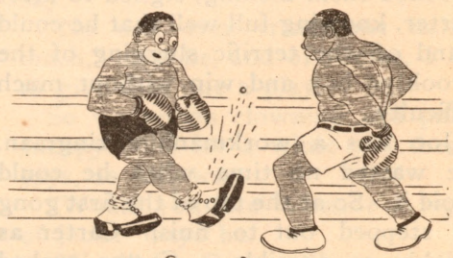
"Action dey wants, den action does dey git," said the Whirlwind. "What for dis Cannon Ball think he kin match ole' Dewey. Jes' one crack—dat's all. Jes' one crack, den start de countin'. Gimme de purse, 'en lemme git back to ma baby, da's all."

The attendant started to unbutton his shoes—the Tiffany shoes.

"Go way, li'l boy," said the Whirlwind, pushing him off. "Does dey want action, den action dey gits. Dewey don' change no shoes tonight. Reckon he could put dis Cannon Ball to sleep wid high boots on. Le's go." And he was in the ring, Tiffany shoes and all.

"—— the Memphis Cannon Ball," the announcer was saying. "In this cor-r-ner Mister Dewey Manila Jackson, the Dixie Whirlwind. Both members of this club."

The Whirlwind was up like a cat to meet his adversary in the center of the



Snap!

ring. A feint or two and they were in a clinch. Dewey was laughing.

"Stan' back an' take yo' medicine, boy," he said. "Whut"—a jab here—"is yo' name Cannon Ball?" Another jab. "Aint you well named, now?"—A punch—"cause de higheh goes de cannon ball, de hardeh does she lan'."

Dewey swung a vicious right and missed.

"Feel dat win', Cannon Ball? Da's de Whirlwin'. Da's me. Neveh heerd o' nobody eveh stoppin' de whirlwin', didje, boy? Ole Josh-u-ay made de sun stan' still, but he couldn' stop de whirlwin'."

Dewey had one motto—the quicker the better. He decided to follow it. He made a rush at the Cannon Ball. "Heah I come, boy, I'm comin' atcha. Action does dey want," when suddenly—

Snap!

A sharp sound from the floor halted The Whirlwind in his devastating advance, and he looked down. From the shoe of his left foot the third button—the emerald—was missing. The Tiffany shoes had not been built for such service.

In the distress of his loss The Whirlwind almost forgot the business at hand,

and barely escaped a coffin swing from the Cannon Ball's long right.

The crowd roared, and the enraged Dewey went for his enemy with doubled fury. But half way across the ring—

Snap!

This time it was the ruby—the beloved ruby, of all buttons—that bid farewell to his right foot. Again he was thrown off his stride and just missed another death-dealing swing from the Cannon Ball's right.

The Whirlwind was bewildered. He wanted to put Cannon Ball away, but it was acute pain to see his precious jewels flying in all directions. Once more he danced up to the Cannon Ball, when—

Snap!

"Wait, Mistah Refaree—"

SOCK!!!

Sock !!!

The Cannon Ball had been ready this time. When Dewey looked down to see which one of his beautiful sparklers had left him, his adversary started a swing from a point some four feet behind him. He brought it upward with a careful and precise sense of direction, and with a muscular encouragement that gave it something of the momentum of the 18-hour express from Chicago. It reached its maximum speed at exactly the same moment that Dewey's senses told him his principal business was not on the floor.

And as he lifted his eyes to the more pressing matter at hand, the Cannon Ball's gloved fist caught him full on the chin.

* * *

In the back room of a saloon in the section of Harlem in New York City known to its dusky inhabitants as Little Dixie, Miss Ammonia Brown waited for a hero who never came. One hour lengthened into two, and still no word from the battlefront. At eleven o'clock Miss Ammonia wrapped her cloak about her and departed.

Midway up the block, Ammonia found herself face to face with a huge, grinning member of her race, who bore an unmistakable air of prosperity.

"Hello, cullud folks," he said, planting his frame squarely in front of her, "how come a magnanimous beauty like you walks by yo'self? Reckin is you goin' some place—or is you jes' progressin'?"

"Step 'side 'fore ah flam you, flatfoot," said Ammonia. "Yo' talk don't int'ust me. Ah aint neveh met you, and ah don't know you. Step 'side."

"Then 'low me to intehduoce mahself. Dey calls me de Cannon Ball, an' I jes' blew up from Memphis, Ten-o-see. I'se de coon whut make de Whirlwin' lay down an' sigh like de ev'nin' breeze, an ah'm out to see de town."

"What you tellin' me man? D'ye mean you been fightin' wid de Whirlwin' up to Hund'd thihty-fif' street?"

"Open yo' mouf an 'out pops de truth. At's me, baby, at's me. Ole Whirlwin' come in de ring like a cyclone, an' Cannon Ball sen' him out like de sweet zephyr. At's me."

"You mean you knock de Whirlwin' out?"

"Honey, ah knock him so out dey gits a carpet sweeper fuh to pick up de pieces. An' ah'm goin' to see dis town an' spen' de pruse afo' ah gits arrested of cruelty tuh child'en. Whut say: is you wid me, er is you agin me? Or maybe you got a man?"

"Me got a man?" answered Miss Ammonia, bursting into a loud laugh as she took the arm of the Cannon Ball. "Wheh you Memphis niggahs git yo' crazy notions, flatfoot? Me got a man! Shut yo' mouf an' lead de way to de bright

"Me got a man ?"

lights. Us is pinin' fuh a high time, an' you looks like de boy what kin staht de ball."

A Pig in a Kosher Shop

(Continued from page 4)

can put the other wholesalers out of business. And you will make more than your ten back from each small dealer the first year.

Well, I think it is pretty good and I say so.

Well, friends, he tells me that the best thing to start with is butcher shops and that he has a good line on a pork manufacturer which will let him have his output cheap. But first, he tells me, we must sound out the butchers.

So he takes me down on the East Side and we go into several stores and he says to the boss, will you buy all the pork you want this year from me for ten bucks, and will you give me a contract that you will. Well, they all say yes and I give them ten each and they all sign an agreement to buy all the pork they need from us.

So then he says, well this looks pretty good, but it takes so long. Why not, says Mr. Gootch, let me work the East Side while you work the West Side. And I say why not, and furthermore, I advance him five hundred bucks to do his part.

Only go into butcher shops that is marked "Kosher!" he tells me.

Well, friends, I walk a long way on the West Side and I see many a butcher shop, but none of them is marked "Kosher!" so finally I go into one which ain't marked that way and ask the boss where the nearest one is. He tells me that they is mostly on the East Side, on account of that is where most of the Jewish people live.

"Why do they call them kosher?" I asks him, then.

"Well," he says. "It's a Jewish name. It means that they don't never sell pork."

And it costs me exactly five hundred and twenty bucks to find that out, for the District-Attorney tells me Gootch ain't got a dime left when they catch him robbing a bank.

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The Last Battle of Jem Mace Described by an Eye Witness

By MAL McGILVERY
Foremost Authority on Boxing in Dixie

IN this era, when the various state commissions say at what age a boxer shall be required to lay down his "tools" and make way for a younger generation, it is interesting to recall that on the eve of his fifty-ninth birthday, Jem Mace, acknowledged and respected as the "Father of English Boxing," was compelled through financial stress again to don the gloves and in battle array face none less than the famous Charlie Mitchell, the latter at that time on the threshold of his twenty-eighth year.

Mace, born a gypsy and perhaps one of the last of that race to engage in the mitt game, was loved by Britishers from the time, 'way back in 1855, when he knocked out Slasher Slack in nine rounds. A decade later, traveling about in his frock coat and silk top hat, he was allowed the freedom of the National Sporting Club, London's exclusive sporting headquarters, coming and going as he pleased, thanks to the manner in which he always conducted himself.

The Nomad, who had inflicted defeat on Tom King, winning $5,000 and the championship belt; Bob Travis in 57 rounds; Sam Hurst in 8 rounds; Joe Goss in 19 rounds, and Tom Allen in the memorable battle of 10 rounds at West Kennerville, La., had practically retired from active participation as a ringman when, in 1890, Mitchell, then a veritable champion of champions and a leader among British sportsmen, took umbrage at something alleged to have been said by Mace reflecting on the younger man, younger by some thirty years.

Mace at that time engaged in theatricals in Glasgow, the commercial capital of Scotland. He was accompanied by his cousin, Pony Mace (an American, by the way). Mace at first paid little or no attention to the threats of Mitchell and the latter's American father-in-law, Pony George Washington Moore, but so pointed did the press correspondence become, at least from Mitchell's side, that when a "needle" bout was suggested as the only way to settle the alleged grievance, Mace jumped at the chance to make real money and entered into a contract to face the then English champion, who less than two years before had fought the mighty John L. Sullivan a 39 rounds draw at Chantilly, France.

Mace then was an old man as boxers go, but his hair was still jet black, his skin dark as that of the always-out-of-doors gypsy, and he had an immense following of sportsmen in the Scottish city who applauded the manner in which Mace entered training. His training was such that would have put to shame many of the present-day members of the short-haired profession.

Jem Mace

After the referee, specially imported from London, had given his final instructions, the principals were posed shaking hands, with the respective chief seconds also clasping "dukes." Back to their corners, the bell rang and the Father of the English School and the youngster whose name was a household word "crossed over," each facing his own corner—a practice that I believe yet holds good over the herring pond, and the melee was on.

I yet carry in my mind's eye Mace and Mitchell as they feinted for the first opening, stalwarts who bore no love for each other and were to have it out in the regulation British manner.

Mace, standing a fraction taller than his younger opponent—Mace measured 5:9½ against Mitchell's 5:9—threw a straight left, at which he was a master, to Mitchell's jaw. Charlie parried this and caught Jem with a telling blow to the pit of the stomach. They went into a clinch and broke clean. No other passages of note took place in the round and they went to their corners with honors even.

Mitchell, full of pep, wasted no time when the second gong sounded and soon was battering away at Mace in the latter's corner, back of the stage. The older man appeared to tire, but instructions from Cousin Tony put fresh life in him and he came out to center ring and by his earnest showing sent his stock soaring with the fans. He ducked Mitchell's rights and lefts to the head and had an almost uncanny manner of weaving in and taking Mitchell off guard. At these times he unquestionably hurt the Londoner and, although lighter, Mace, by his doggedness and method of aggressiveness, was entitled to the honors when the second interval arrived.

The opening of the third round showed that Mace, the Grand Old Man of Boxing, had about spent himself. The exertion was beginning to tell on the frame of the Gypsy who had met 'em all for almost forty years. He looked tired and it seemed that for a flash he regretted having entered into the battle.

Mitchell, quick to see the other's weakness, lost no time in trying to finish hostilities. In this he was doomed to disappointment as Mace, realizing that the eyes of the multitude

(*Continued on page* 24)

Pugilism's Two Great Jacks—Hero of the Princess Pat Regiment and Famous Australian Fight Promoter

By VERNON VAN NESS

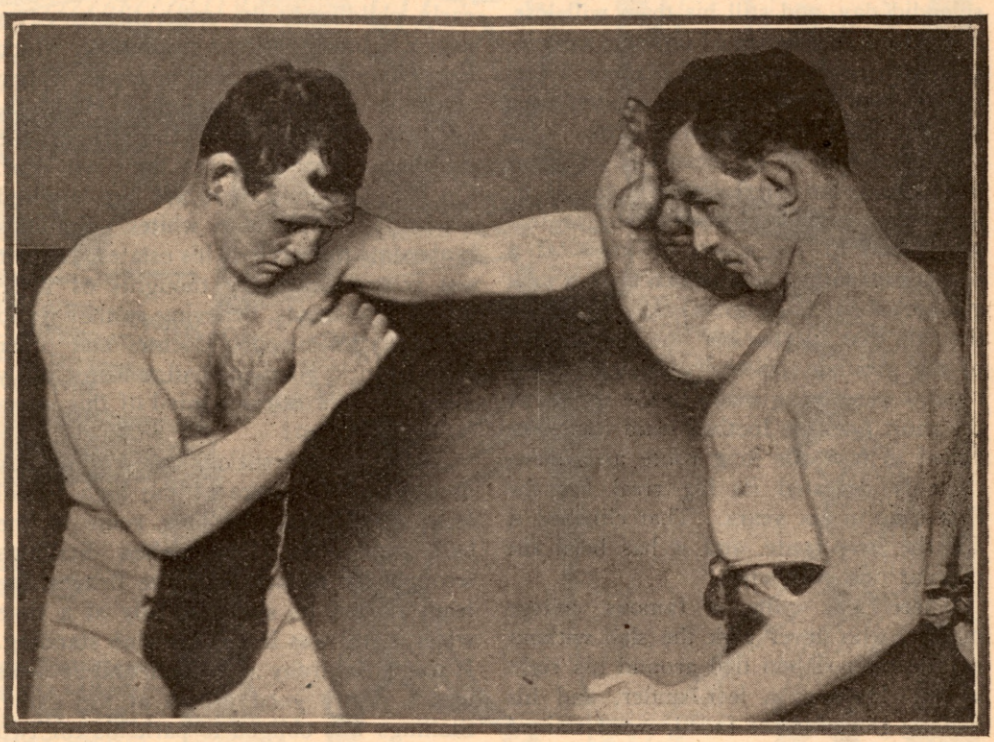
JUST before the recent Leonard-Tendler shindig over at Boyle's Forty Acres, the sporting world was informed of the fact that Jack Munro, "the man who fought Jeffries," was on his way from Australia to see the scrap. But this bit of misinformation was soon straightened out, and we discovered Jack Munro of Rush Cutters Bay was not Old Jack of 'Frisco, Butte, Mont., Calgary, and the Princess Pats. No, this was a Jack of the boxing game, alright, but not "our own Jack." There was a little confusion between the hero of the world war and Australian Jack, the great fight promoter.

The Jack who remained four rounds with Jim Jeffries and then lost in two rounds trying to gain Jeff's title, spells his name Monroe. However, neither Jack felt bad about the mix-up in names, for both are real men, great sportsmen and honorable gentlemen.

This by way of reminding boxing fans that Jack Monroe of 'Frisco, Butte, Mont., Calgary, Princess Pats and the world war still is the hard-fisted fighter he always was, despite the loss of an arm in the war. Jack is a sheriff up in his beloved Calgary. He is maintaining law and order and keeping his weather eye out for promising boxers—of the heavyweight type.

Few men of the boxing game were of the calibre of Jack Monroe. He was a born athlete. In the days of the famous Olympic Club's professional football team down in 'Frisco he was one of its sterling players. Later he went to the copper mines in Butte—in the days when it was not exactly a restful haven—and played football there, and incidentally it was some team he played on, a team composed mostly of young college graduates who were working in the mines to gain knowledge of mining, or to gain a stake. Jack had quit playing football, but still was working in the mines doing eight hours a day at hand-drilling when Jim Jeffries, then the world's heavyweight champion, and Bob Fitzsimmons came through Butte on their famous tour of the country.

Jeff was meeting all comers—successfully. He was planting them all well within the prescribed four rounds. But he was offering the inviting sum of $1,000 for any stout-hearted and broad-chested lad who could stick out the four sessions. Jeff was not in very good shape. He was fat and slow and was enjoying life and making a little easy money touring about with Fitz.



Jack Munro (left) sparring with Tom Sharkey

When he landed in Butte his coming had been heralded long before and his local victim had been decided upon. This man was Jack Monroe.

Jack wasn't an unknown miner, as the reports said at the time. Jack was a well known professional athlete and mining was merely his means of making a living. He was in pretty good shape.

That exhibition bout is history, of course. Jack stayed the four rounds and earned the $1,000. It was real money, too. Fired by his success and further by the fact that he had made something of a reputation, Jack challenged Jeffries for the title. That bout also is history. Jeffries knocked Jack out in two rounds.

However, Munroe, always the fighter, always the brave, got his big chance. The Butte and 'Frisco fight fans liked Jack. The big miner came East, boxed in a few bouts, had some success, but not much, and finally drifted back to Canada—he had tried Canada once before, seeking gold. This time Jack went back to Calgary, out in the western par of he Dominion became mayor of a little town, prospered and still was a fit youngster in his early thirties when the war broke out.

The old fighting spirit could not be downed. Jack enlisted in the Princess Pats and went overseas and in the battles that followed won the highest honors for valor, and for his fighting ability. But fate took a cruel swing at Jack. Coming out of battle one day the Princess Pats found that their beloved pal—for he had become all of that—was minus one arm.

He was given up for dead and as a dead hero he was listed for many a month, until one day he turned up on an incoming troop ship that landed at

(*Continued on page* 15)

Superstition in the Ring and on the Diamond

By Frederick G. Lieb
President, Baseball Writers' Association

WHO is the more superstitious, the padded glove artist, or the husky, young gladiator of the ball field, who bounces his hurricane triples off the outfield fences? Off hand, the reader probably would say the ring men, because their sphere is solely one of personal contact. One man is out to beat the other, and unusually does. Hunches and superstitions play a big part in a boxer's victory. A ball player may have a splendid day, and still his team will lose. Yet after fifteen years of intimate association with professional ball players, I feel certain that they are fully as superstitious as the knights of the squared circle.

Superstition in all branches of sport would make an interesting chapter of itself. And it isn't confined to the professional end of the sport. I knew of a scholastic football team which always took a round-about route to its gridiron, despite the fact that another car line ran directly to the grounds. Some years ago when repairs were being made in the tracks of the short line, the football team was compelled to take the long route and unexpectedly defeated its big rival for the first time in six years. That clinched it for the long route, and it has been the popular one ever since.

There was quite a famous college pitcher, who never took the slab without a little pink ribbon tied around his right wrist. He was a left-hander, and his fielding glove hid the faded, sweat-stained bit of fabric. Perhaps there was a romance attached to it but it was as regular a part of his equipment as Will Rogers' chewing gum.

A Psycological Problem

Superstition in sport, as in other lines of human endeavor, naturally deals with the problems of psychology. If a person believes something is lucky, and believes it long enough, it will be so. Soon he can hypnotize himself into the belief that if a certain thing is not the way it always has been, something will go wrong. That is why some boxers would rather lose $1,000 than a little dirty skull cap, and why some ball players would want to shoot you for touching their bat. A lot of good, smart ball players will tell you that there are just so many hits in a bat and if another player uses that stick, he will shake some of the hits out the wood to which the owner has first right.

It is an interesting study to observe just what trend superstition in sport will take. Quite often the ignorant athlete, springing from humble surroundings, is of such a stolid type that superstitions have little effect on him. He doesn't let his imagination run amuck. Yet who would select George Stallings, polished Southerner and a man who studied medicine, as the most superstitious man in baseball? But he is.

Perhaps some time in Big George's early childhood, the superstitions of a negro Mammy, left an impression which time never has been able to erase. When at home on his plantation at Haddock, Georgia, Stallings lives the life of the Southern Cavalier before the Civil War. On his plantation, there are five hundred blacks to a half dozen whites. Stallings is absolute monarch of his estates, yet is it not possible that the thoughts of these dusky field hands, believing as they do in their charms, voodoo doctors and other signs of luck, good and bad, unconsciously affect the subconscious mind of this interesting Georgian?

Stalling's superstitions could fill a book in itself. We spoke of the high school team which took the long route to the ball game. In 1914, when Stallings wrought his miracle with the Braves, the team started its spurt in July at a time when it still was last in the club standing. It was a Saturday afternoon, and as there was a pretty good crowd at the game, Stallings was obliged to park his car two blocks from the grounds. For the rest of that season, Stallings's car never came any nearer than two blocks of the Braves' grounds, even when he could have parked it in front of the main entrance.

In 1914, he owned a "blessed" penny, which he considered the most valuable asset in the winning of the world's championship. About that time, there was a religious uprising of a band of negro fanatics in Cuba. One of them proclaimed himself the "Black Pope," and any money that he blessed, automatically assumed ten times its normal worth. A friend got hold of a "blessed" penny and handed it to Stallings telling him it would bring luck. Without it, Boston would have won no world's championship. George says so himself.

Giants Put One Over

Stallings has an aversion for two dollar bills, a superstition among many, but he can take the jinx off them by tearing off one corner. Nothing can make his teams lose games quicker than to scatter tiny bits of paper in front of his team's bench.

The Giants knew of this superstition, and once when the Braves were playing on the Polo Grounds, their mascot was sent in front of the Boston bench with a handful of paper to scatter among the bats of the visitors. The kid, not knowing that his life was in danger, did as he was bid. Stallings saw the dastardly deed, and made a grab for the boy.

"I'll tear you, limb from limb, you imp, if I get my hands on you," he roared.

Then there was Col. Til Huston, retired half owner of the Yanks, and his famous "iron hat." Huston believed his black derby brought luck to the Yankees, and he would wear it through the hottest months of summer, sweat often pouring down his face. But if the Yanks were winning, he didn't dare take it off for fear of breaking the streak. And if they were losing, the Yankees needed all the luck which could be brought them, so Huston had to keep on wearing the hard-boiled hat.

Poor "Bill" Pipp, father of Wally Pipp and a very splendid old gentleman, is looked upon as the Yankee jinx. The New York American players are as much afraid of him as of a cross-eyed girl. "Bill" is a great fan and dearly loves to see his boy play, but often he has had to hide in the bleachers. And even then, Huggins, or some other Yank, will discover him, and blame him for the afternoon's defeat.

"John L" Superstitious

Turning to the fight game, superstition did its bit in defeating the great John L. Sullivan in New Orleans, and turning the champion's crown over to Jim Corbett. No boxer, even today, likes to be the first man to enter the ring. There is an old superstition of the ring: "The first to enter is the last to leave," meaning that the young gentleman who enters first will have to be carried out.

None put more stock in this superstition than Sullivan, and he always arranged it that he was the second man to enter the ring. Bill Brady, manager of Corbett, knew how deep-seated this superstition was with John L., and cleverly planned to get a psychological advantage for "Gentleman Jim" at New Orleans. The contestants were waiting to enter the

ring, Sullivan holding back as usual so that Corbett would get under the ropes first.

But just before Corbett got to the ring, Brady had arranged to have some spectators block the aisle. Sullivan had started a few minutes after Corbett, so that he could reach the ring immediately after the challenger. His way was clear, and as he reached the front row of seats, Brady yelled at him: "You're licked now, John L., because you will be the first one in the ring."

Sullivan then objected to getting under the ropes until Corbett was in his corner, but Brady shouted, "The Champion first," and Sullivan could do naught else but climb in first. The rest is ring history. Sullivan's hunch came true. The first time he broke his rule of never being the first man in the ring, he was defeated.

EVEN FITZSIMMONS FEARED JINX

Few people like to walk under ladders, and many who do to ascertain what will happen, often find a bucket of paint or a paint-brush drop down their neck. Ladders were Bob Fitzsimmons' favorite aversion. Perhaps it was because he was so lean and lanky, he would have knocked down most ladders, but he wouldn't walk under one for all the gold in the Bank of England.

Jim Jeffries, who beat "Fitz" in the memorable struggle in Coney Island, would not enter the ring unless Eddie Miller, a hunch-backed San Francisco newsboy, was perched on his back.

Hunch-backed mascots also have their purpose in baseball. Little Van Zandt, mascot for the Athletics when they were baseball's foremost team, always carried luck in the little pack on his back. Eddie Bennett, the little hunchback now with the "Yanks," has had uncanny success as a mascot. He has been with four champions in the last four years. He was with the "White Sox" in 1919, with Brooklyn in 1920 and the Yanks in 1921 and 1922. Oddly enough he never has been able to win a world's championship. Babe Ruth invariably taps the hump on Eddie's back before swinging for a home run.

Stanley Ketchel, the famous middleweight, had several deep-seated superstitions. The average boxer has his gloves put on palms down. Ketchel

(Continued on page 13)

Effects of Knockout Blow Described by Those Who Have Received Them

By "BIDDY" BISHOP
Manager of Anthony Downey

WHEN a boxer kisses the canvas as dead as Napoleon the climax to the contest has been reached and the audience is thrilled, satisfied it has seen all it had hoped. There are few in the crowd who stop to reflect what effect the knockout blow has on a boxer. The K. O. has been known to cause very unusual and sometimes amusing occurrences.

I recall what happened to me some twenty-five years ago at Ukiah, California, in a training bout with Ed (Spike) Hennessy, a big middleweight, whom I was preparing for a match with Ed Woods. I was boxing with Hennessy in the open air at the Ukiah racetrack. Hennessy hit me flush on the chin. I remembered nothing after getting that punch until I woke up in a water trough, where Hennessy had placed me for a brisk rubbing in the cold water. That revived me, and then followed a lapse of memory which was most complete.

I seemed to have the impression that I was going insane. I vowed never to box again. The very thoughts of closing my career in an insane asylum were more than I could stand. However, in an hour or two I was all right again, and the next day found me just as eager for the gloves as before Hennessy had landed his knockout wallop.

Hennessy explained to me afterward that I boxed two full rounds with him after getting hit that finishing blow; that I went along as well as ever, but that after I had finished the last round I took the gloves off, tied them on Gus Henry, another sparring partner, and then watched him and Hennessy box four rounds. I coached Hennessy in the boxing, he said, as though nothing had happened, and when they had finished I complained to him about feeling strangely, and was about to fall when he caught me. It was twenty minutes after I had been hit that the knockout took effect.

* * *

Eddie Barnsback, promoter of boxing at Hot Springs, Ark., was boxing Tommy Gilfeather several years ago. They went through twenty rounds of hard milling, and, if I remember rightly, the bout ended in a draw. During one of the later rounds Gilfeather hit Eddie a solid punch on the chin. It shook him badly, but he finished out the match, collected his money, had late lunch with his trainers and went to his home. Barnsback remembered nothing of the contest until the next morning. His favorite barber had given him a shave, and was administering a hot towel. The effect of that hot towel revived him. He recalled that he had been dreaming of climbing great, high stone steps to a point almost as high as the heavens.

* * *

Carl Morris, famous Oklahoma giant, than whom no finer fellow ever lived, made his first fight in a small Oklahoma town near Sapulpa. He hit his opponent on the chin in the second round and knocked him kicking. In the first round he himself was stung with a hard wallop on the chin, and remembered nothing that happened after that.

Three hours later a friend, listening to his crazy chatter to a group of men on a street corner several blocks from the arena, called him aside. Carl was telling his admirers that he had done his best and was making excuses for his showing. When he was told that he had knocked his opponent out he was dumfounded.

* * *

Denver Ed Martin was seconding a preliminary boxer in a contest at Tacoma, Washington, some eleven years ago. Martin's charge got hit so hard that he was knocked stiff. After working on him twenty minutes Martin lifted him out of his chair and stood him on his feet. The boxer looked up at Martin and inquired who it was that was rude enough to drop that barrel of bricks on his head.

* * *

Jack Sheppard knocked out Young Lawrence at Charleston, West Virginia, in a contest that decided the lightweight championship of that state. Lawrence told Harold S. Mathews, prominent Charleston business man, several days later that when he was on the floor he imagined he was dreaming. He saw a little tree growing out of the ground. It got larger and larger, and the leaves spread out bigger and bigger, and several little birds appeared on the leaves. They perched there singing jazz songs. Their singing, he said, awakened him.

* * *

Anthony Downey delivered a sensational knockout to Frankie Sullivan, the A. E. F. welterweight champion, at Cincinnati two years ago. When Sullivan awakened he said he had dreamed he made the trip to heaven and that he was about to enter when his manager, Dan Morgan, jerked him rudely down the golden stairs. He said when he fully regained his senses Jack Rodgers was hurrying him to the depot to catch a train back to New York.

* * *

Young Sam Langford knocked Battling Munro cuckoo at Cincinnati a few months ago. Munro remembered nothing of the contest for twenty-four hours. He said during the time he was out he imagined he had broken a crap game that netted him two million dollars and he was buying a team of white horses to drive his best girl to a church picnic when he was fully awakened.

Indeed, the knockout blow is most peculiar in more ways than one!

SONGS OF AN ALIBI ARTIST

The Cauliflower Ear

I shouldn't have got it, but look at it now.
(Cricky, that baby could hit.)
As thick as an ulster and slow as a cow;
His left might have hurt, but he didn't know how;
His right had a kick, and that much I'll allow,
Seeing the place where it lit.

It ain't as an alibi, I'll tell you this.
His right raised a wind so I'd sneeze at each miss;
That's one little glove I had no wish to kiss;
Its rush through the air had the sound of a hiss,
Freighting its coming with fear.

He missed me eight times with the right in the first,
Every time that he tried.
Each round passing by saw his marksmanship worse,
But I sneezed extra hearty and quick as a curse
I went off my balance. 'Twas later the nurse
Told me the story—and sighed.

JAMES K. MCGUINNESS,
N. Y. Evening Telegram.

(Continued from page 11)

always insisted that his gloves be put on palms up. If any second or handler, unacquainted with Stan's idiosyncrasy, tried to put his gloves on in the generally accepted manner, he found himself summarily kicked out of the ring.

Under his right glove, Ketchel always wore a thin bracelet made from the hair of a sacred Indian elephant. The bracelet was given to him by Bob Davis, the magazine editor, as a luck-charm and Ketchel wore it in all of his important engagement.

Ketchel also believed that he never could fight well until his nose bled. He didn't think he could get started until he first got a good sock on the nose. When his nose bled, he said it cooled him off and made him fight.

The Lucky Caps

The little caps, which pugilists wear into the ring, have many superstititions attached to them. Kid Norfolk has a dirty red and blue "rah rah" skating cap which he once stole in Boston. He wouldn't enter the ring without that toppiece. Once, when in a prank, somebody tried to get away with his cap and the kid positively refused to go on with a scheduled bout.

"I git dat cap, or dey'll be no fight," was the Kid's ultimatum.

He got his cap.

Willie Jackson wore the same checked cap into the ring for eight years and his former manager, "Doc" Bagley, wore his same cap in Willie's corner for the same period. In the first fight fought by Jackson after he and "Doc" dissolved their partnership, he opposed Shugrue in Jessey City. It was the first time Jackson went into a professional fight without Bagley as his adviser, but "Doc" attended the fight, and brought his old cap with him. He loaned it to Willie for the fight. Both his own and Bagley's cap hung on the ring post, but they had lost their charm for Willie lost the fight.

Kid Williams, former bantam weight champion, also regarded a little skull cap among his most valued possessions. Johnny Lore, the former lightweight, couldn't fight unless he hung a little toy rooster in his corner. Another old time pugilist always brought a big, red rag doll along with him. It had a conspicuous place in his corner. Was that superstition or sentiment? What a story a Van Loan could have written around that tarnished calico-clad young lady?

Black Is Dundee's Hoodoo

Johnny Dundee wore black tights when he was knocked out by Willie Jackson in one minute and 26 seconds, the only time the fighting "Scotch Wop" ever has had the fatal ten tolled over him. In eleven other fights with Jackson, Dundee proved his master. Never since that fight has Johnny appeared in black tights. He will wear white, green or indigo, but black, never again!

During the 1905 world's series, the Giants wore special uniforms of black and aided by Mathewson's great pitching, they easily beat the Athletics. Six years later, the Giants again met the Athletics in world's series competition, and again the New Yorkers were dressed in special regalia of black. This time, the Mackmen, aided by Frank Baker's home runs, gave McGraw's men a sturdy trouncing. The Giants became the New York "Glooms," and cartoonists and humor writers had a lot of fun poking darts at those black funeral uniforms. The Giants have been in five world's series since then, but the black uniforms never have been resurrected.

We might write a book on pet superstitions of individual ball players. Ty Cobb never struts to the plate without carrying three bats on his shoulder. Should he ever forget himself and carry only two, the Detroit team probably would be ruined.

Tris Speaker unquestionably would bat .007 instead of .375 if he didn't draw a line in front of the plate every time he went to bat. Just what that line is all about, nobody ever has found out, but it helps Tris to hit over .350 year in and year out.

A Nail In Every Dugout

Eddie Plank, college man and a mighty smart ball player, had a nail in every dugout on the circuit where he hung his sweater. And pity the Athletic rookie who would hang a sweater on that nail. The commotion wouldn't subside for the rest of that afternoon, and if Eddie should lose his next game, his ultimatum to Mack would be that that rookie had to leave on the next train or Connie would have to get along without a mighty able lefthander.

Johnny Evers always wore one of his stockings inside out. That enabled him to observe Merkle's failure to touch second base in 1908. Hal Chase always took the chewing gum from the button of his cap and transferred it to his bat whenever he felt a base-hit come upon him. When Chase wanted to be crooked and throw down his team, he left the chewing gum on his cap.

Pat Ragan, formerly of Brooklyn, couldn't pitch unless he had a cud in his face the size of an apple. Walter Johnson, Washington's pitching prince, always must stand in the same spot, year in and year out, when he warms up. No matter how hot it was, Hans Wagner always bundled himself up in a sweater before every game.

In the old days, when clubs used to travel back and forth from the ball grounds in busses, Lave Cross, former Captain of the Athletics, always had to be the first one in the bus. If any one got in ahead of Lave, it meant that a good time was had by all, especially by the culprit, because Lave had been jinxed out of any hits he might have made the following day.

There is no locker 13 in any baseball club house, nor is any player ever given number 13 on the scorecard. Many football players also would be afraid to have a thirteen on their back, but Eddie Kaw, the great half back of Cornell, wore a big thirteen all season, and he is regarded by many as the foremost football player of the year. The only bad luck that thirteen ever brought was to Eddie's opponents.

Jack Britton

Meet it, upstanding, when it comes,
Though it may be the tragic end.
Slow may they beat the muffled drums,
Brasses in hollow tones may lead
Sadness and sorrow to the way—
Meet it, upstanding, anyway.

You who have watched the flow of years,
Marking their incidental gains;
You will not turn to inward tears,
Because, instead of sun, it rains,
When, in the end, you had to lose,
You did it in a way I'd choose.

Great had you been in battles gone,
Meeting some youthful knight's assault;
Courage and brain to bear you on,
After the years would call a halt.
So, in your greatness, it was meet,
Greatly you went to face defeat.

James K. McGuinness,
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John L. Sullivan, Greatest Ring Champion Produced in America, Says Boxing Expert

By WILLIAM H. ROCAP
(Sports Editor Philadelphia Inquirer)

WHEN the Marquis of Queensberry rules supplanted the London prize ring rules to decide ring titles in all the classes in this country 30 years ago, there began an interesting matching of science and skill against brute strength. The contest has gone merrily on for thirty years until the United States now stands out pre-eminent among the countries of the world in developing ring champions.

America's ring history so far as a lawful engagement in championship bouts is concerned began with the Three Jacks—John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe. Only one of these three great exponents of boxing is still living. McAuliffe will be 57 years of age on March 24 of next year. Dempsey died at the age of 33 of tuberculosis and Sullivan at the age of 59. These three men stood out in the ring world as masters of their class. Two were a most remarkable combination of the boxer and fighter, while the other was one of the most scientific men who ever graced the ring.

Sullivan Our Greatest Champion

John L. Sullivan was the greatest ring champion America ever produced. At the age of 31 he fought his last battle under London prize ring rules, beating Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., after 75 rounds on the turf under a broiling July sun. Three years later, at the age of 34, he was beaten by James J. Corbett in 21 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 3 minutes.

He had been the world's champion for 12 years and had squandered several fortunes. While champion he did what no other man in the world ever attempted. He offered a bonus of $1,000 for any man who could stand up and box him for four rounds and be on his feet at the finish. There were many aspirants, but few survived the ordeal.

It was by this knockout campaign that Sullivan was labeled as a "slugger." To the casual onlooker he might have earned the appellation, but nothing was farther from the truth. The Boston Strong Boy was a natural boxer. He knew the game from every angle and to prove beyond any contradiction that Sullivan was a great scientific boxer and had a superb defense the writer has only to ask you to look the man over today. Fifty-nine years old, hair whitened by the autumn of life, he did not show a mark of his hundreds of ring battles. And, remember, a majority of his early ring contests were fought with bare knuckles or skin-tight gloves. The man who had no defense was sure to be cut up and get marks which he would carry to his grave. Sullivan's face and features were mute testimony that his science and skill triumphed over brute strength.

Dempsey Called "The Nonpareil"

Jack Dempsey, "The Nonpareil." Those who knew him personally had a most affectionate regard for the graduate of the Brooklyn Cooperage. Dempsey was born in Curran, County Kildare, Ireland, and was brought to this country when but a mere boy by his parents. He attended the Brooklyn public schools, and being obliged to help provide for a growing family, sought employment in a cooper shop. While there he developed great proficiency as a wrestler and subsequently as a remarkable boxer.

This combination made him invincible at London prize ring rules, which permitted wrestling an opponent to the ground. Dempsey was never beaten under those rules. From 1883 to 1891 he was regarded as the premier middleweight of the world.

Nature seemed to have made his hands to fight. They were shaped like a woman's, with small, sharp, protruding knuckles. With the bare 'uns or with skin-tight gloves Dempsey would virtually cut his opponents to pieces. When he was at the height of his career, he believed, and so did his personal friend and manager, Gus Tuthill, that he could outbox any man living at any weight. He offered to take on middleweights, heavyweights; in fact, men of any class, with blackened gloves, points only to count. Like Sullivan, the Nonpareil ended his ring career with his features unmarked, which was testimony to his science and marvelous defense.

Dempsey should have retired undefeated, but that spirit of confidence which champions enjoy was most marked in the Nonpareil, and goaded on by Gus Tuthill, his manager, he agreed to meet Robert Fitzsimmons, who had cleaned up Billy McCarthy on the Pacific Coast on his arrival from Australia.

Then he beat Arthur Upham in New Orleans. These two conquests made the Southern sports sit up and take notice. They looked the field over for an opponent. Dempsey, the invincible middleweight, was their target. The weight was at 154 pounds, ringside. Dempsey scaled 147½, while Fitzsimmons weighed 150½. There was a difference of 3¾ inches in their height, and the Cornishman enjoyed a corresponding advantage in reach.

The contest was $11,000 to the winner and $1,000 to the loser, the largest purse fought for in this country up to that date. Dempsey, despite the physical advantage of his opponent, was a big favorite. He was knocked down in the third round, Fitzsimmons got first blood in the fifth and won by a knockout in the 13th round. Several times he pleaded for Dempsey to quit, and stood in the centre of the ring, declining to hit the Nonpareil, whom he outclassed.

Dempsey, plucky to the last, replied: "Come on; hit me. I'll knock you out if I can." Fitzsimmons feinted with his left and shot his right across. There was no need to count. Dempsey was sent to dreamland. It was several minutes before he was able to congratulate his conqueror, which he did in a manly manner.

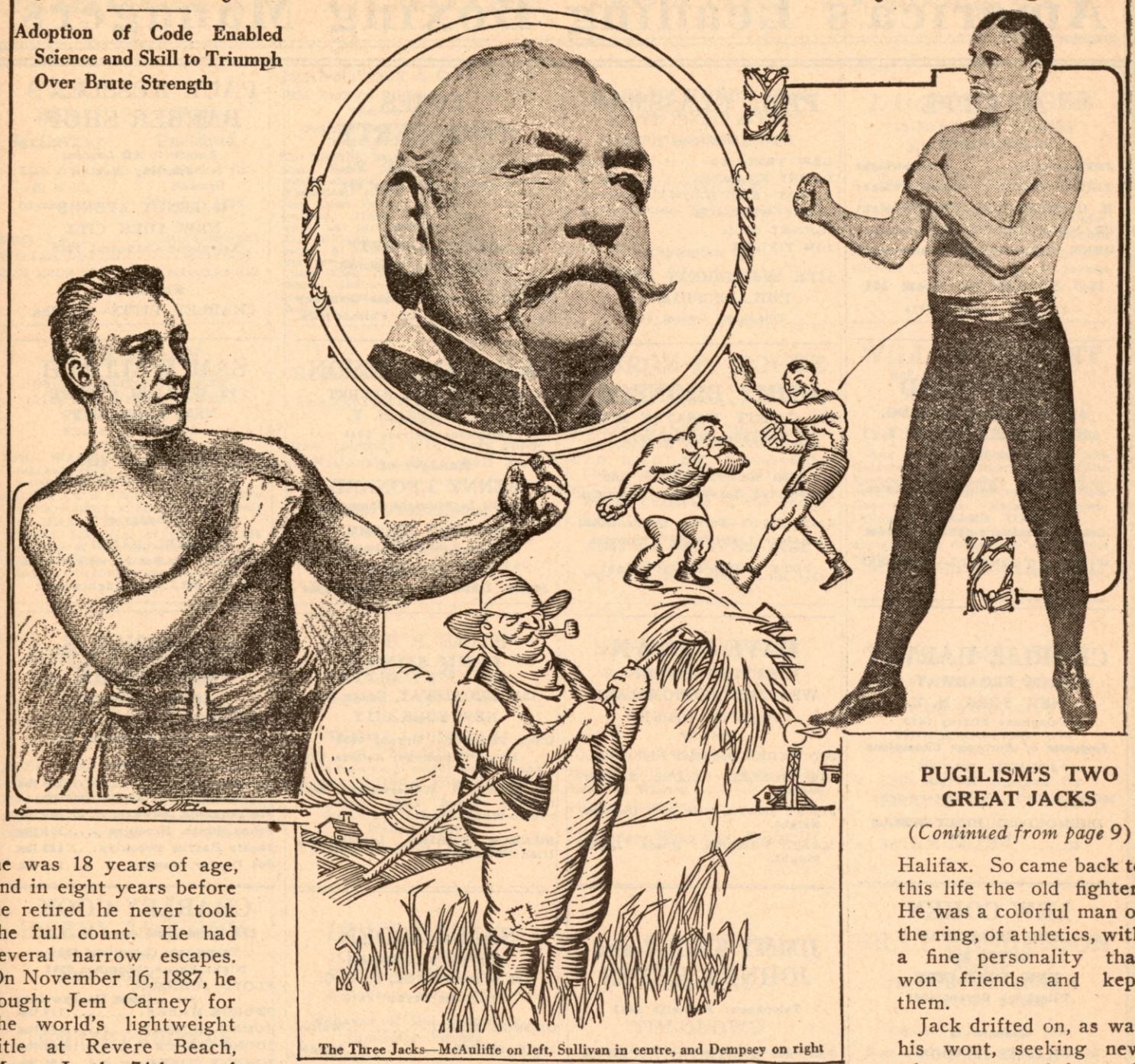
Dempsey Grieved Over Defeat

Dempsey was never the same man afterward. He pined over his defeat. He fought three battles prior to his death, which occurred in Portland, Ore. Despite his defeat by the Cornishman, Dempsey's ring record proved that his skill and science could outmatch all the brute strength which was pitted against him for eight years. And it was always regretted that he did not retire with his ring record unblemished. He might have lived until today and be able to have an occasional reunion with the other two Jacks.

McAuliffe's ring record reads like a romance. He was destined never to be defeated. He began boxing when

Queensberry Rules Revolutionized the History of Pugilism

Adoption of Code Enabled Science and Skill to Triumph Over Brute Strength



The Three Jacks—McAuliffe on left, Sullivan in centre, and Dempsey on right

he was 18 years of age, and in eight years before he retired he never took the full count. He had several narrow escapes. On November 16, 1887, he fought Jem Carney for the world's lightweight title at Revere Beach, Mass. In the 74th round the ring was broken down when the Briton was having the better of the contest.

They met again, and opinions were divided as to their relative merits. Again, on February 23, 1889, after fighting Billy Myer 64 rounds at North Judson, Ill., a kindly sheriff interfered and the bout was declared a draw. Later, September 5, 1892, at the Sullivan-Corbett, Dixon-Skelly carnival in New Orleans, McAuliffe beat Myer in the 15th round. In turn he beat Horace Leeds, Jem Ryan and Young Griffo.

Then he met Owen Zeigler, a tough Philadelphia lightweight, at Coney Island, November 19, 1892. Zeigler started in to knock out McAuliffe, and nearly accomplished the feat. McAuliffe injured his arm in the third round, and the police jumped into the ring and stopped the unequal bout. Referee John P. Eckhardt called the contest a draw. He boxed a six-round, no-decision bout with Kid Lavigne in New York. That was McAuliffe's last contest. He retired undefeated.

He had gone through eight years of most remarkable ring work. He had many eyelash finishes, but he was destined not to be defeated. His science, skill, ringcraft and generalship always pulled him through. His record was, indeed, a triumph for science over brute strength.

PUGILISM'S TWO GREAT JACKS

(*Continued from page 9*)

Halifax. So came back to this life the old fighter. He was a colorful man of the ring, of athletics, with a fine personality that won friends and kept them.

Jack drifted on, as was his wont, seeking new adventures, and from all accounts he has found them, back again in Calgary, where he is sheriff and it is our bet, a mighty good sheriff, too. And that's for that, a mere scratch at the surface of a story of a real athlete, a dead game sport, and a man who was a real credit to the pugilistic game.

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11—Denver, Colo.: Bud Hamilton knocked out Jack Partee, three rounds.

22—Denver, Colo.: Bud Hamilton knocked out Tommy Castner, one round.

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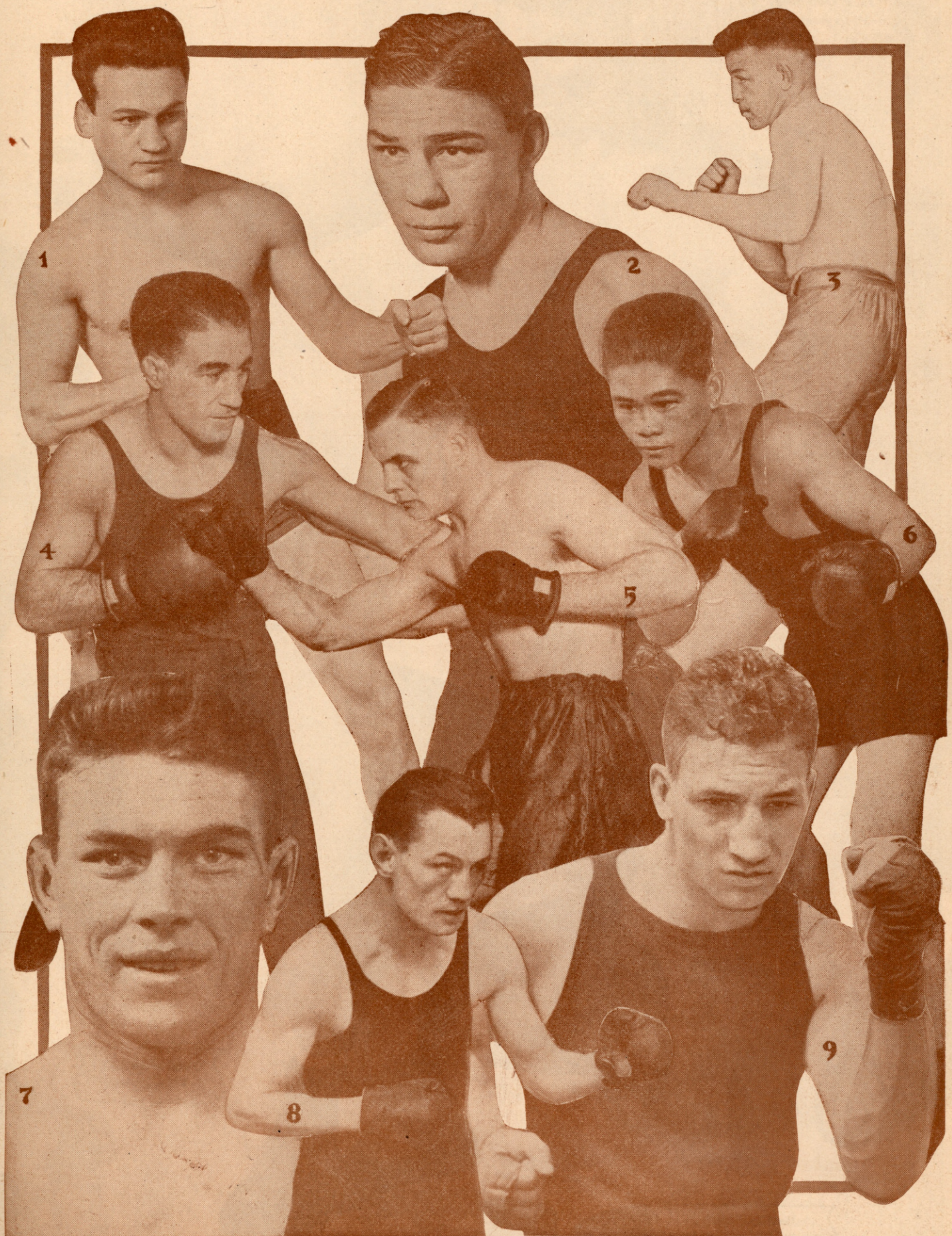

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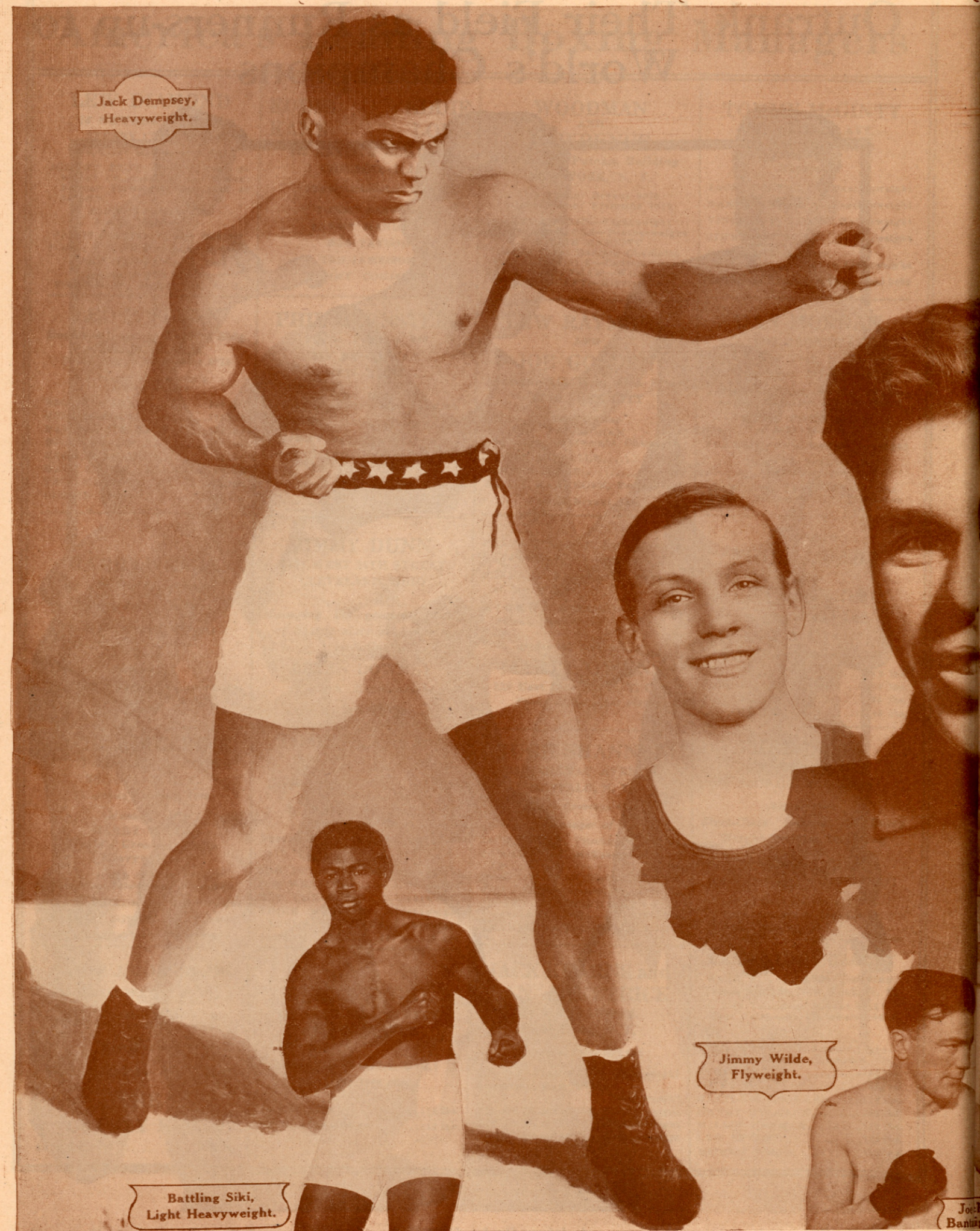
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Shadows of the Past—Jack Dempsey—The Nonpareil—No. XIII

By FRANK E. COULTRY

THE most perfect fighter in modern ringdom," this is the great tribute paid to Nonpareil Jack Dempsey by Billy Madden, than whom no greater judge of boxers ever lived. These words, coming as they did from the mouth of the man who handled the affairs of John L. Sullivan, indicate the calibre of the fighter in whose honor thousands of heroes of the fistic sport have paid homage through a visit to his grave in far-off Oregon.

In discussing Jack Dempsey, Tad, famous brother of Ike Dorgan, remarked:

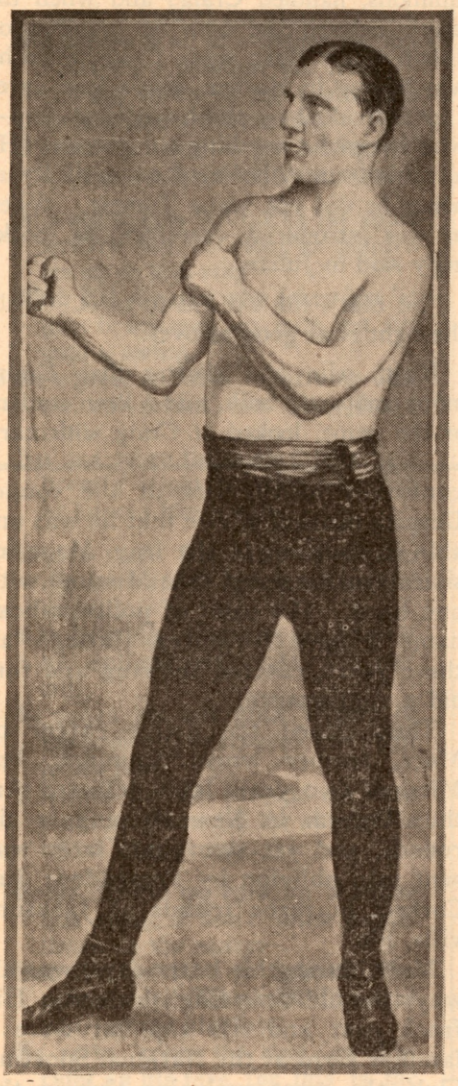
"Billy Madden, who had seen practically every fighter of note in the days when John L. was in his prime, often sat for hours telling me of the ring marvel of the age, as he called the Nonpareil. I often tried to argue with him on the merits of fighters whose prowess gained for them world-wide fame, but Madden would declare that Dempsey was about perfection so far as fighting was concerned."

Dempsey had a wonderful career dating back to 1883. He was born at Curran, County Kildare, Ireland, December 15, 1862, and came to America with his parents when but a mere lad. Jack and his family settled down in Brooklyn where he attended the public schools and even while a school boy he showed aptitude as a boxer and a wrestler. Strange as it may seem, Dempsey really started his career as a wrestler. He acquired great proficiency and won many hard fought matches in New York, Boston and elsewhere in New England.

In 1883 he decided to enter the ring and at the age of twenty years, with a weight of 128 pounds, he met Edward McDonald, of Brooklyn, who stood five feet seven and a half inches and weighed 130 pounds. They fought on the North River near Yonkers on April 7, 1883 for a purse of $100 and the battle, which lasted twenty-seven rounds, occupying thirty-six minutes, was won by Dempsey. From this time on the pugilistic star of the Nonpareil was in its ascendency.

Dempsey held the lightweight championship after giving up wrestling and held the title until he was forced to relinquish it because of an increase in weight. When he moved up into the middleweight class, in which he soon became the kingpin of his division, Jack McAuliffe, who still is in our midst, took the crown which Dempsey held and later retired the undefeated lightweight champion of America.

As a battler, few American fighters can show as fine a record as Dempsey. He beat everyone whom he tackled until, weakened by the white plague, he fell prey to the attack of George La Blanche and Bob Fitzsimmons.



Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil

The story of the fight with La Blanche is worth repeating here, for seldom is it told in describing the great battles of the Nonpareil. He conquered the world so far as the men in his division were concerned until he landed at the California Athletic Club, the greatest organization of its kind at that time.

The club was eager to pit the Nonpareil against a fighter for the entertainment of its members and finally succeeded in digging up George La Blanche, a middleweight, who was defeated by Jack Dempsey in three rounds lasting fifty minutes at Larchmont, L. I.

The Nonpareil figured he had an easy task and consented. The Marine, as La Blanche was dubbed, toed the mark weighing ten pounds heavier than Jack. The Marine was peppered round after round until the twenty-first session was reached when the Nonpareil began to weaken from the terrific body blows of the ex-tar.

In the thirty-second round, the unexpected happened. Forcing the Nonpareil into a neutral corner of the ring, La Blanche suddenly swinging around on the heel of his left foot, let fly with his right and catching Dempsey flush on the chin, knocked him cold. That caused the title to change hands and a new middleweight champion was crowned. The followers of Dempsey were shocked, for here was a second rater who knocked out the king of the class. The fight lasted two hours and seven minutes.

Dempsey cried, begged and went so far as to offer the entire purse to his conqueror for a return battle but without avail. When La Blanche decided to defend his title he took on Young Mitchell (John L. Hergert). Although few followers of the fistic sport credit Mitchell with being a champion, yet the fact remains that he retired as the middleweight champion.

Young Mitchell had been in Australia where he cleaned up and when he fought La Blanche he handed him as sweet a beating as ever a fighter received. Mitchell and the Nonpareil were close friends, in fact pals, and nothing in the world could induce them to fight for the championship after La Blanche's defeat in twelve rounds.

Mitchell retired to enter politics in San Francisco where he still is a big power and Fitzsimmons claimed it. It was on January 14, 1891, at New Orleans, when Fitz and the Nonpareil fought for the championship and a purse of $2,500 and Fitz knocked out his opponent in thirteen rounds, lasting 49 minutes.

In speaking of Dempsey, James J. Corbett recently remarked:

"He was my pal and one of the greatest boxers that ever lived. We

(Continued on page 24)

Ring Hero Worship

By A. D. PHILLIPS

FIGHT fans who recollect the wonderful reception Jack Johnson received in this city when he returned from Reno after knocking out Jim Jeffries for the world's heavyweight championship had an opportunity to see hero worship for ring celebrities at its height; yet a scene far more picturesque, although with not one-third the number of persons participating, took place in the very same section of Harlem eleven years previously. Reference is made to the wonderful celebration accorded Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, upon his return from Europe, and, another, shortly after, when he went to Coney Island to meet Tommy Ryan, on September 18, 1899.

When Craig left these shores he was a poor negro with scarcely enough money to buy himself a cup of coffee, but when he came back he had acquired a white wife—as did Jack Johnson—a big bankroll, a big reputation and a considerably swelled head. A delegation of Harlem negroes waited for him, and when he arrived in the negro section of the city he was hailed like a king.

A delegation of this same body of men who welcomed him on his return home arranged to attend the fight at Coney Island with Ryan, Eighteen of them, dressed in Prince Alberts and high-toppers, and each wearing white spats, escorted the negro to the clubhouse. Upon reaching Coney Island the committee marched, two abreast, down Surf Avenue, and, entering the club, took their ringside seats.

Martin Julian, who managed Fitzsimmons, handled Craig; and when the negro entered the club he inquired of Julian where Ryan was. Craig, when he was boxing in Harlem, was a lean, carefree individual—a shabby-looking chap—who resembled anything but a boxer. He left this country before the rise of Ryan, hence he did not know Tommy. When he was introduced, therefore, he mockingly said to Julian:

"So that's the kid I'm to meet. Well, the fight is as good as over."

Ryan, who was shorter than Craig, more compactly built, and a keen student of the game, looked at Craig with nary a muscle moving. Satisfied that all was ready the men stripped and entered the ring. The delegation of negroes in their high-toppers cheered themselves hoarse, especially when, in the early rounds, Craig caught Ryan a terrific wallop on the jaw and sent Tommy to the canvas. It looked as if the champion would be counted out, but Tommy arose at the count of eight and stalled through the session.

In the next round Ryan came out of his corner with fire in his eyes. He seemed fresh as a daisy and set sail for his husky opponent. He battered him from post to post and then landed the haymaker, the negro going down and out in the tenth after receiving a terrific drubbing.

The Prince-Albert delegation, thunderstruck, looked in awe at the fallen figure of their hero, and, one by one, sneaked out of the club and started for home.

There was no celebration that night. The "Committee" didn't even have money enough to pay for the hiring of the suits and silk hats.

Last Battle of Jem Mace

(*Continued from page* 8)

were upon him, and appreciating that he must uphold the dignity of the sport which he had placed on a high pinnacle, seemed to gather strength. It may have been he got his second wind, of which we hear so much about in these latter days.

Forgetting the difference of years between him and his adversary, he stood toe to toe with Charlie and staged such a battle that the sportsmen of Scotland had never before seen. Clean breaks were forgotten, even by the referee, and for practically two minutes the Youth and the Man exchanged blows which carried weight. Scientific though each was, there were flashes of the bulldog tenacity and the gong rang with the principals in a clinch. Mitchell had the slight edge.

The fourth (and last) round started with Mace forcing, but after half a minute Mitchell went out in front and, taking the lead, had matters all his own way. Thirty seconds before the close of the round, Mace, in throwing up his right hand to parry, so struck his open glove against Mitchell's left that the force broke two smaller bones of Mace's mitt. He was seen to be in agony, but, like the brave athlete he was, he waived aside his handlers and continued to the end of the round. Despite medical advice that he was unable to continue in the fray, Mace insisted that he could beat Mitchell with one hand. The chief of police, whose name I have forgotten through all these years, entered the ring and forbid a continuance.

Thus closed the active career of Mace, former world champion, but Mitchell two years later defeated Arthur Upham in New Orleans in six rounds, and yet two years later was sent into oblivion by Pompadour Jim Corbett in three rounds at Jacksonville, Fla.

Mace, during his latter days, was always the old-time English dandy. His frock coat and silk top hat were a familiar sight at the National Sporting Club, the most exclusive club in the world, and to which he had the entre because of the manner in which he had always conducted himself.

Shadows of the Past

(*Continued from page* 23)

were sparring partners, bummed together and admired one another a great deal and even though we quarreled in later years, I still had a soft spot in my heart for him.

"When I fought Choynski on the barge in San Francisco, he seconded Joe, but I couldn't blame him, as he was paid $1,000 by a bunch of sportsmen, big gamblers, to handle Choynski against me. When he fought Fitzsimmons I bet on Fitz because I realized Jack was not the Jack of previous years and felt that Fitz was too good for him.

"I saw fighters come and fighters go, but none to compare to the Nonpareil."

Dempsey died in Portland, Oregon, on November 1, 1895 and erected in his memory is a monument to which thousands of sportsmen and boxers of renown in particular, have made pilgrimages.

THE OLD BOYS

From day to day
The old boys say
That stars of ring and stage
Have not the same
True claim to Fame
As the big guns of THEIR age.

But brains and skill
Forever will
Produce their champions brave,
So you must grin
And stroke your chin
And let the old boys rave!

WILLIAM F. KIRK,
Copyright N. Y. Eve. Journal.

"Now *YOU* Tell One!"

Being the third series of freak ring experiences gathered in all parts of the Globe

By LIEUTENANT "HEINIE" MILLER, U. S. NAVY

Former Feather and Lightweight Champion of the Far East

HUNDREDS of miles up the Yangzte River in the inland waters of China a bunch of young sailors will find time heavy on their hands. There is little shore liberty, no athletic activity, as there are no other ships present. So we find a group of fellows on the old gunboat *Wilmington,* back in 1907, with time heavy on their hands.

Perusing most anything available in the line of reading matter one of the gang runs across a Detroit matrimonial magazine, wherein love lorn members of the jealous sex go to no little trouble in telling the world how much money they have in the bank, how badly they need a sparring partner, whether they are blonde, brunette or henna and whether they are heavyweights or whisperweights.

Thus the "Willie Matrimonial Club" was formed. It had thirty-two members. Each one of the thirty-two picked out a victim in the Matrimonial Booklet. Then a series of rapid fire and high toned love letters was arranged. Each guy sent his long distance sweetie the same letter as a starter. Soon the replies came. This sorte was kept up until the lady on the other end of the wire had sent her photo to her China station swain.

One dear little thing from Storm Lake, Iowa, sent us a picture of Olga Nethersole. The arrival of the picture from the States was, in each case, the gong for the main event and grand wind-up, for by return mail, we sent a large photograph of Battling Sims. These pictures of Battling Sims we had printed by the dozen.

Be it known that the Battler was a harbinger of Battling Siki and twice as black. In fact, from newspaper photoes of Siki, we should judge that Siki was a real thing of beauty alongside of Sims. The pictures showed the latter in fighting costume with his arms folded across his chest. No more letters came.

* * *

Old time Navy fight followers will remember Shorty McKenna, for his inches, probably the hardest hitter the Navy ever produced. Shorty began boxing back in the dim days when Tom Sharkey was a "ship's corporal" on the old *Philadelphia,* a rating long since extinct. Shorty was still battling as recently as 1912.

This writer exchanged wallops with Shorty when the latter was 48 years old and I was 18. And when Shorty landed, school was out and recess started. Say it with flowers. The next eight questions answered by a nurse, if you get what we mean. But Shorty was an uninteresting sort to watch. He covered up within a clam-like crouch, hoarding his strength, realizing his age and the fact that the LAST THING AN OLD GUY LOSES IS HIS WALLOP! Shorty either knocked 'em dead or lost a decision.

* * *

Out in Hongkong, China, where the fights are held in the Theatre Royal, right in the Municipal City Hall, Shorty was doing some twenty rounds of stuff against Jack Rear, a good little British featherweight. Shorty was at that time attached to the little gunboat *Wilmington,* now on the Great Lakes, and the sportiest little packet that ever let an anchor chain rattle through a hawse-pipe. At the ringside were Pete Johnson, Jakie Coen, Doggie McGuire, John Kelly and others of the seagoing clan fistic. They had their roll on shorty.

They stayed for five rounds and watched Shorty crawl around the ring while Rear hooked and jabbed in a vain attempt to get through that guard and crouch. It was a tiresome thing to watch. So the bunch vacated their seats and went into the adjacent bar room.

Rabid fight fans though they were and with all their elongated emerald socked down on McKenna, they paid little or no attention to the fight from then on.

Rather they began shaking dice for the drinks. Monotonously the "clang" and "clang" of the opening and closing gongs echoed into the bar room. Every now and then John Kelly would walk away from the group, peek in a second, and come back, stifling a yawn. "How's she going?" asked Pete Johnson. "Shorty's still fighting," replied Kelley. This continued over and over until the seventeenth round.

In the middle of the eighteenth round, while the bunch was still rolling dice, a mighty roar arose in the arena, Big Pete Johnson reached a massive freckled paw across the bar and said to the bartender, "Pay me!" Pete was right.

The roar meant only one thing. It couldn't mean anything else. Shorty had fianlly let go with that little ham-like right arm and Jack Rear did the stuff of chasing polka dotted butterflies for the required lesson in elementary mathematics.

Poor old Shorty! A few years ago they found him in a Sands Street Lodging house—dead. Very likely, by accident. McKenna had turned in with the gas jet opened.

(To be continued)

The Song of The Preliminary Boy.

By J. Raymond Price.

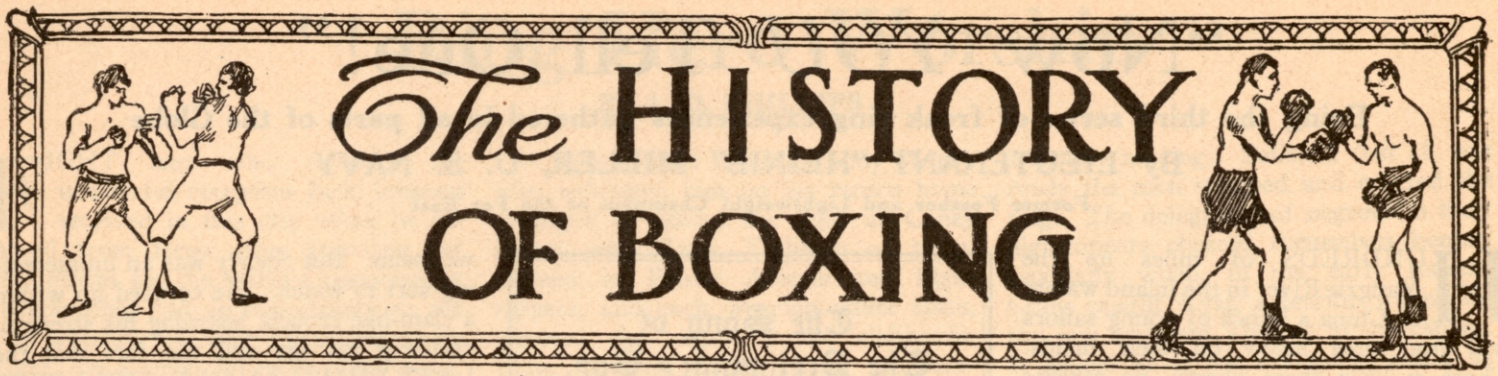
I stand in my corner an' shiver, I sneak a look at the starin' crowd,
My nerves is all of a-quiver, an' my heart it's a-thumpin' out loud.
I rub my shoes in the rosin so's not to 'pear nervous like,
I know that guy is no set-up, an' believe me, he ain't got a pike.

It's my openin' de-but, as the sport writers say, an' they've planted me up in this ring
With Kid Knocko who takes 'em 'at gets in his way, an' puts 'em out with a swing.
He's great on takin' a greenie like me, an' leadin' him 'long for a while,
An' jus' when the boob thinks he's breezin' right in, why—the Kid he knocks him a mile.

What's that? The bell. I turn on my heel an' I see him a-comin' full tilt
Gee, he's big an' strong an' I feel if he wallops me right I'll jus' wilt,
He pokes his left plum' square in my nose an' he crosses his right to my jaw,
I clinch an' he roughs my ears with his palms till the skin peels off an' they're raw.

Tears rush to my eyes, an' I shove him away, I don't mind gettin' licked on the square
But I'm in here to fight an' I'm gonna stay—Bang! That hook of mine caught him fair,
He reels 'cross the ring 'an I'm right on his toes, for this is the chance of my life,
I shoot in my left jus' over the belt an' the Kid doubles up like a knife.

I hear the crowd yell an' spring to their feet. I know they've had a surprise.
The Kid looks at me with a face like a sheet an' a wild, glassy stare in his eyes,
He tries to come close an' get in a clinch an' again when the mob starts to shout
I put all that I've got in one swell right hand punch an' Kid Knocko goes down an' out!



Tom Cribb, Forerunner of New School—Retreating Introduced Into Pugilism

By NAT FLEISCHER

This Is the Twelfth of a Series on The History of Boxing

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PUGILISM entered a new field with the start of the nineteenth century in the advent of a school of boxers who developed the sport to a greater degree than heretofore, and the participation in public fights of "fighting families." As we have shown in previous chapters, brothers in boxing dates back more than a century and was probably more prevalent in the days of the old prize ring than in the modern period. Our readers have seen how boxing progressed during the first fifty years of its existence from its most crude form to a stage where brute force no longer was the sole assest of a good fighter, but where science, even in its primary elements, played a most important part in the success of the heroes of the early nineteenth century.

We pointed out in a previous chapter how the leaders of the sport, in an effort to attain greater proficiency than their predecessors, studied some new angle and introduced it into the field of pugilism with the result that we find one boxer inventing straight hitting, another gaining proficiency in the art of striking and getting away, a third, Dutch Sam, for instance, inventing the uppercut, another, Tom Cribb, introducing milling on the retreat and still others gaining efficiency in the art of guarding. Each step of advancement meant another step in the development of the sport.

Enters New Period

Boxing entered a new period with the rise of Tom Cribb into the field, a period which embodied all the good points of the men who excelled prior to the time Cribb won the championship and that with which Cribb was master of technique. A combination of strength and skill made Cribb one of the greatest fighters England ever produced. The period over which Cribb ruled is of historic interest because it marked the first appearance of an American in ring history. Cribb's reign was replete with sensational fistic engagements, but none more than the historic battles in which an American negro attempted to wrest the title from the head of an Englistman. These battles and the bearing they had on future international contests and the initiation of the ring sport in the United States, are of such importance in the history of boxing that the writer will devote several chapters to these battles and the advent of the negro race into a sport heretofore controlled almost wholly by the Englishmen.

Pugilistica, in speaking of Tom Cribb, says: "Since first the honor of champion was a coveted and distinguished prize for men of bold heart and iron sinew, for men of forebearing coolness and pain-defying fortitude, down these evil days of wrangle, chaffing, bullying and shifting, a more straightforward, excellent, simple-hearted, generous and brave man than Tom Cribb, never held the hard-won trophy.

Born in 1781

Tom Cribb was born on July 8, 1781, at Hanham, Gloucester, a place about five miles out of Bristol, the birthplace of many distinguished fighters. Like most boys of this period, he was left at an early age to battle his way through the world and at the age of thirteen years, we find him engaged in the business of hanging bells. Not content with this means of earning a livlihood, and being of wonderful physique, Tom Cribb decided to work in the open and hired himself out as a porter on the wharf. He engaged in coal passing for a time and then unloaded boats. Twice he was almost killed through accidents and on both occasions his fine physical condition paved the way for his recovery. Those whose acquaintance he made, spoke in high terms of his fair play, his manliness and his courage.

Like all porters who worked on the docks, Cribb soon found it necessary to learn the art of self defense and it did not take him long to master it. In fact, so proficient did he become, that he was acclaimed a master long before he entered the ring for his first public exhibition, a battle with the veteran George Maddox who was in his fiftieth year. Cribb, in the contest, in which he entered the ring as the "Black Diamond," defeated Maddox and gained a wide reputation for his coolness, even temper and his wonderful gameness. Less than two months later, Cribb defeated Tom Blake, known as "Tough Tom," and now had established himself as the most feared fighter in England.

Retreating Introduced in Boxing

Cribb had reached the point where he was able to dispute the championship claims of Gregson and a match was arranged which resulted in the complete rout of Gregson and firmly established Tom Cribb as champion of England. Whatever doubt there existed as to the merits of Gregson and Cribb were eliminated after the terrific beating Cribb handed to the recognized champion. Gregson sustained almost as much injury as he did in his bout with Gully previously described. Cribb introduced a new plan, that of retreating so as to wind his adversary and he succeeded in making Gregson look like a raw novice.

Despite the rapidity with which he forged his way to the topmost rung of

the pugilistic ladder, Cribb found himself confronted after the bout with Gregson with a challenge from the once great Jem Belcher for a return contest. It will be remembered that Cribb already had beaten Belcher, but Jem insisted that a broken thumb and not superiority was the cause of his defeat. To accommodate him, Cribb signed articles for the return bout.

In this contest, Belcher, only a mere shell of his once great form, was a mark for the wonderful Cribb and received an unmerciful beating. He was unable to make but very few hits with his now enfeebled hands, and after a half hour of bitter fighting, nature deserted Jem and he proved a target mark for his stronger adversary. This, despite the fact that Belcher was only twenty-seven years old at the time. Cribb now reached the zenith of his power, but suddenly found himself confronted with a new menace, that of a burly American negro whose shadow loomed across the horizon. This negro was Tom Molineux and of him and his bouts we shall devote considerable space in the next chapter.

Praised by Writers

Before closing, it is interesting to note how highly Cribb was thought of by the writers of his day. Upon the occasion of the erection of a monument to his memory, Bell's *Life*, has the following:

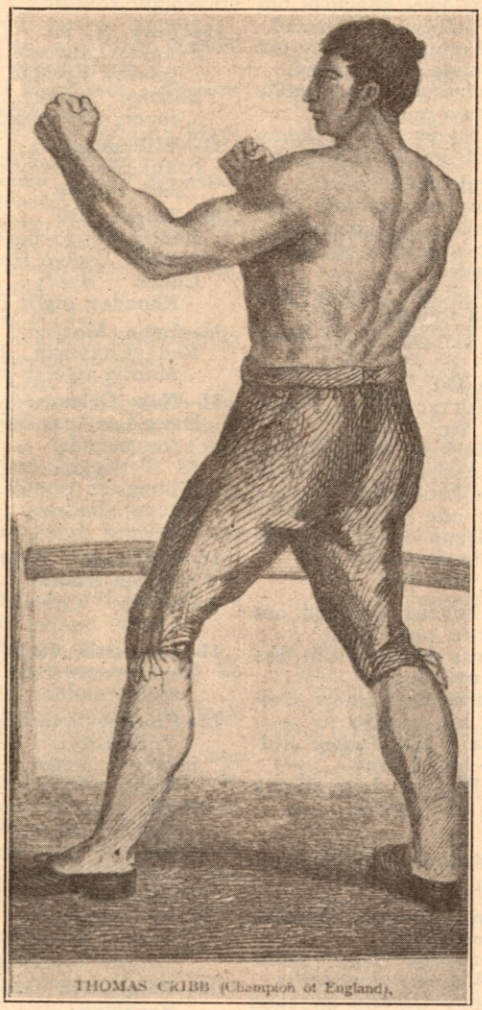
"As a professor of his art, he was matchless and as a demonstrator of fair play, in principle and in practice, he was never excelled. He had still a higher virtue, displayed in sustaining throughout his gallant career, independent and indomitable courage, a reputation of unimpeachable integrity and unquestionable humanity. His hand was ever open to the distress of his fellow creatures."

After enjoying considerable prosperity and respected by all classes, Cribb fell into distress and died, after a lingering illness, on May 11, 1848. He received a military burial and his memory was honored by thousands of fellow countrymen. After his death, headed by the names of noblemen and gentlemen of the highest ranks, a subscription was started for the erection of a monument. Soldiers, sailors and even the poorest of the poor, contributed towards the fund and a large monument was set up in Woolwich's Churchyard.

Great Boxer Mourned By All

The death of Tom Cribb removed from Fistiana, one of the greatest fighters pugilism ever produced, but his work in his chosen profession left an indelible mark. For years after Tom's death, Cribb's character and his art became a favorite theme with the English writers, many of whom furnished the fight fans with a crop of anecdotes. It seems that the adventures of all kinds were mingled in the life of Cribb and those who earned their livelihood by means of the pen, used these anecdotes for their themes.

Although Cribb's ring deeds, other than those in his battles with Molineaux, were sufficient in themselves to bring fame and glory to this great fistic hero, Tom's greatest fame lies in the fact that he successfully defended his crown against a new invasion into ring history—the negro



Tom Cribb

race. Not that Tom Cribb was the first of the white race to combat a black gladiator in the ring, for history informs us both Tom Molineaux and Bill Richmond, had a predecessor whose name has been lost, but that Cribb's achievement against Molineux received world wide recognition as the world then was known.

In tracing the development of the negro race in the field of fighting, the writer has taken great pains to delve into the historic past, to search minutely through volumes of all sorts devoted to boxing or even a mention of boxing, and he finds that as far back as June 13, 1791, a negro whose name could not be recalled fought a vicious battle with one called Treadway at Murlebone Fields. This negro was the first in English history to publicly engage in fisticuffs. Peter Bath seconded the negro and Bill Hooper, The Tinman, was behind Treadway.

Our history informs us that this negro, and not Molineux or Richmond, was the first of his race to receive mention in ring history. This historian, in speaking of the fight says:

"The battle lasted thirty-five minutes when Treadway was carried senseless from the field. During this combat the African showed wonderful agility, excellent bottom and a thorough knowledge of the art not to be exceeded by the most skilful among the boxers."

So much for the present for the introduction of the negro into boxing. Considerable more space will be devoted to this phase of pugilism in subsequent chapters.

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Results of Boxing Bouts

DECEMBER

5—Portland, Ore.:
Joe Gorman beat King Leopold, ten rounds.

5—Los Angeles:
Bud Ridley beat Ernie Goozeman, four rounds.
Bud Logan beat Bobby Allen, four rounds.

5—San Francisco:
Solly Seaman beat Young Carmen, four rounds.
Racehorse Roberts beat Sailor Eddie Roberts, four rounds.
Sailor Danny Burns beat Dick Wallace, four rounds.
Terry McBride and Eddie Murray, four round draw.
Eddie Sylvester beat Tommy Harris, four rounds.
Eddie McGovern beat Charley Martin, four rounds.

6—Salem, Ore.:
Ad Mackle won on a foul from Chick Rocco, third round.

6—San Francisco:
Jimmy Duffy beat Jimmy Sacco, four rounds.
Chick Roach beat Spec Woods, four rounds.
Tod Morgan and Jimmy Mendo, four round draw.
Cap Nelson beat Eddie Gorman, four rounds.
Al Sange beat Battling Larsen, four rounds.
Eddie Roberts beat Bobby Gray, four rounds.
Joe Bell beat Johnny Dempsey, four rounds.

8—McKeesport, Pa.:
Cuddy DeMarco beat Eddie Weygant, ten rounds.
Eddie Borland beat Lew Bodell, six rounds.
Joe Shurer beat Bobby Young, six rounds.
Buck Weaver knocked out George Kerston, two rounds.

8—Academy Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Bull Miller beat Eddie Gray, four rounds.
Frank Munro beat Ray Schaffer, three rounds.
Cocky Dills knocked out Bud Jones, two rounds.

8—Canton, O.:
Walter O'Keefe beat Bud Gaus, ten rounds.
Dutch Meyers beat Mickey Walters, ten rounds.
Frankie Portogallo knocked out George Parr, one round.

9—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Johnny Coney beat Frankie Florio, ten rounds.
Tony Lyons beat Jack McFarland, ten rounds.
Willie Darcey beat Henny Catena, ten rounds.
Willie Dixson beat Bobby Graham, four rounds.
Joe Sterling beat Pete Metro, six rounds.

9—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Charley (Kid) Kohler beat Johnny Gray, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Cancro beat Mort Seligman, ten rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Scotty Williams, six rounds.

9—Waterbury, Conn.:
Johnny King beat Jack Stone, twelve rounds.

9—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jimmy Gaudy beat Johnny Hayes, eight rounds.
Jimmy Foley and Danny Lyons, eight-round draw.
Jackie Marlowe knocked out Young Andrews, one round.
Jimmy Martin knocked out Ralph Potelo, third round.
Joe Pedeo knocked out Frankie Rainer, two rounds.
Johnny Flynn and Jimmy Sheppard, four-round draw.

11—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Jack Zivic knocked out Dick De Saunders, five rounds.
Pete Zivic beat Billy Williams, ten rounds.
Young Mulligan beat Tony Ross, six rounds.
Jack McFarland beat Andy Staburn, six rounds.

11—Bucyrus, O.:
Johnny Horvarth beat Puggy Norton, ten rounds.
Joe Zimmerman knocked out Johnny Andrews, two rounds.
Al Dundee knocked out Young Gibbons, one round.
Young Dunn beat Stickle Leach, four rounds.

11—Buffalo:
Tommy Gibbons knocked out Joe Burke, one round.
Benny Ross knocked out Joe Ryan, two rounds.
Kid Vick beat Barney Butkowski, six rounds.
Frank Mack and Budley Ridley, six-round draw.
Tommy Phillips beat Chick Rivers, six rounds.

11—Detroit
Billy Shade beat Andy Schmander, ten rounds.

11—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Jack Bernstein beat Eddie (Kid) Wagner, ten rounds.
Irish Johnny Curtain knocked out Pee Wee Kaiser, two rounds.
Sammy Mandell beat Harvey Bright, ten rounds.
Charley Beecher beat Frankie Garcia, ten rounds.
Joe Ryder beat Al Tiernan, four rounds.

11—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Willie Kohler beat Sammy Stone, ten rounds.
Wolf Larsen knocked out Harry Lewis, four rounds.
Jack Hausner and Mickey Brown, ten-round draw.
Lew Hurley knocked out Wily Porter, four rounds.
Johnny Best beat Kid Alexander, four rounds.

11—Philadelphia:
Lou Bogash beat Tommy Loughren, eight rounds.
Pete Latzo beat Sailor Freedman, eight rounds.
Patsy Bogash beat Sam Blackiston, eight rounds.
Joe Coletti beat Patsy Wallace, eight rounds.
Johnny Brown beat Lew McFarland, eight rounds.

11—Atlantic City:
Al Gordon beat Billy Pimpus, eight rounds.
Vennie Lopex beat Pat Bradley, eight rounds.

11—Trenton, N. J.:
George Wayman beat Young Muffo, twelve rounds.
Jackie Bahl beat Harry Boyle, eight rounds.

11—Troy, N. Y.:
Frankie Laureate knocked out Johnny Herman, two rounds.
Shanky Lafay beat Jimmy Joyce, ten rounds.

11—Williamsport:
Frank Macquire beat Al Weiss, ,ten rounds.

11—Toledo, O.:
Benny Valger beat Bud Christiano, twelve rounds.
Cheek Byers beat Billy Rhoades, eight rounds.

11—Lynn, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Young Manty, twelve rounds.

11—New Orleans:
Doug Lee beat Sailor Blanque, ten rounds.
Al Pettingill beat Kid Pilipino, ten rounds.
Young Delaney beat Eddie O'Hara, four rounds.

11—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Charley Ryder beat Willie Curry, twelve rounds.

11—Lancaster, Pa.:
Tom Droney beat Johnny Gill, eight rounds.

12—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Sammy Seiger beat Eddie Brady twelve rounds.
Buck Josephs and Hilly Levine, draw, six rounds.
Sammy Vogel knocked out Frankie Weston, five rounds.
Willie Davis beat Willie Ryan, six rounds.
Johnny Vestry beat Willie Tucker, four rounds.

12—Ridgewood Grove Sporting, Brooklyn:
Vincent Pepper Martin knocked out Johnny Winters, two rounds.
Tommy Noble knocked out Teddy Nudda, three rounds.
Dutch Brandt beat Willie Daney, six rounds.
Willie Garber beat Joe Ritchie, six rounds.

12—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sandy Taylor beat Georgie Bush, ten rounds.
Eddie Rielly beat Danny Lyons, eight rounds.
Henry Show knocked out Sailor Vasquez, fourth round.

12—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Benny McCoy knocked out Paddy McNulty, ten rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Danny Howard, eight rounds.

12—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn.
Young Eppy and Al Kale, ten-round draw.

12—Albany, N. Y.:
Pete Williams and Sailor Joe Daly, twelve-round draw.

12—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Joe Benjamin beat Phil Salvatore, four rounds.

13—Portland, Ore.:
Danny Kramer and Danny Nunes, draw, four rounds.

13—San Francisco:
Bud Ridley and Jimmy Dundee, draw, four rounds.
Chick Roach beat Bud Logan, four rounds.
Tod Morgan beat Jimmy Mendo, four rounds.
Pete Francis beat Harry Scott, four rounds.
Al Sange beat Joe Herrera, four rounds.
Battling Larsen and Bobby Grat, four-round draw.
Joe Bell and Bud Garber, four-round draw.

13—Boston:
Willie Harmon knocked out Jack Herman, sixth round.
Al Sears knocked out Terry Brooks, fourth round.

13—Boston:
Terry Brooks defeated Young Seigel, two rounds.

13—Watervelit, Me.:
Felix King beat Billy Woods, twelve rounds.

13—Providence, R. I.:
Harry Martin beat Billy Mascott, twelve rounds.
Paddy Owens beat Frankie Sinclair, twelve rounds.
Charley Parker and Johnny Williams, draw, twelve rounds.

14—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Johnny Dundee beat Gene Delmont, twelve rounds.
Battling Reddy beat Harry Kalbakoff, twelve rounds.
Joey Silvers beat Patsy Flanagan, six rounds.
Hal Studde beat Johnny Prife, four rounds.
Charley Izzo beat Chalrue Benyo, four rounds.

14—102d Medical Regiment, New York City:
Jack Douglass knocked out Al Carpenter, one round.

14—Hamilton A. C., Passaic:
Frankie Fasano beat Charley Triano, twelve rounds.

14—Armory, Orange, N. J.:
Phily Lewis beat Benny Cohen, twelve rounds.
Young Hicks beat Sailor Darden, ten rounds.
Buck Thomas and Tommy Speno, ten-round draw.

14—Scranton, Pa.:
Midget Smith beat Frankie Daley, ten rounds.
Sailor Pacillio beat Pep O'Brien, ten rounds.

14—San Francisco:
Young Carman beat Solly Seamon, four rounds.
Willie Gibbs beat Salinas Al Williams, four rounds.
Joe Santos and Davie Flash, four-round draw.
Bobbed Revel lost to Charley Sepada, four rounds.
Hank Griffin won on a foul from Red Silba, two rounds.

15—Braddock, O.:
Johnny Hamm beat Jimmy O'Donnell, ten rounds.

Jack McFarland and Andy Stahura, draw, six rounds.
Ray McCall beat Young Piazzi, six rounds.
Jack Bernhardt knocked out Ziggle Platts, two rounds.

15—Academy Theatre, Pittsburgh:
Eddie Carver beat Joe Thomas, four rounds.
Jackie Fromme and Joe Schurer, draw, four rounds.
Tommy Stinger knocked out Jack Waters, two rounds.

15—Altoona, Pa.:
Eddie Barr defeated Danny Peavese, ten rounds.

15—Youngstown, Pa.:
Jimmy Muche and Alex Novesky, draw, ten rounds.
Norman Genet beat Sammy Cimiuelli, ten rounds.
Jack Skelly beat Kid Stinger, six rounds.
Battling Nelson shaded Bobby Cowan, four rounds.

15—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Charley White knocked out Ritchie Mitchell, ten rounds.
Johnny Shrugue beat Elino Flores, twelve rounds.
Red Mack beat Frankie Pitcher, six rounds.
Jimmy Hutchinson beat Pedro Campo, four rounds.

15—Erie Pa.:
Rocky Kansas beat Johnny Donnelly, ten rounds.
Johnny Shea beat George Perrott, ten rounds.

15—St. Paul, Minn.:
Tommy Gibbons beat Billy Miske, ten rounds.

15—Omaha, Neb.:
Dave Shade defeated Frankie Schoell, ten rounds.

15—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Ad Stone beat Tex McEwan, eight rounds.
Jimmy McGovern beat Young Jack Dempsey, eight rounds.

15—San Francisco:
Young Dudley beat Mike O'Leary, four rounds.
Jimmy McManus beat Jimmy Fiten, four rounds.
Marine Goldman and Charley Hendricks, draw, four rounds.
Kid Martin knocked out Young Baker, third round.
Bud Cristy beat Bill Sullivan, four rounds.
Terry McBride beat Tommy Moniskey, four rounds.
Joe Wolell and Young Rizzo, four-round draw.

15—Los Angeles:
Larry Murphy beat Pete Herman, four rounds.
Joe Murphy beat Eddie Macey, four rounds.

15—Sacramento:
Tim Kelley beat Gorilla Jones, four rounds.
Earl Force beat Pete Woods, four rounds.

15—Atlantic City:
Bobby Wolgast beat Young Dixon, eight rounds.
Eddie Dempsey beat Stanley Willis, eight rounds.

15—Detroit:
K. O. Jeakle beat Sid Barbarian, 10 rounds.

15—New Orleans:
Bryan Downey and Happy Littleton, draw, 15 rounds.

15—Boston:
Frankie Genero beat Terry Martin, 10 rounds.

15—Lorain, Ohio:
Young Russel beat Young Kivi, 10 rounds.
Andy Binder and Toby Bill, draw, 10 rounds.
Carl Finnegan and Jimmy Kelly, draw, 10 rounds.
Sam Marsco knocked out Kid Ugliese, one round.

15—Dallas, Texas:
Glen Glickner beat Harry Krohn, 10 rounds.

16—Commonwealth Sporting Club New York City:
Spencer Gardner beat Danny Edwards, twelve rounds.
Kid Buller and Joe Nelson, twelve-round draw.

16—Ninth Regiment Armory New York City:
Al Studdy beat Johnny Martin, twelve rounds.

16—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club Brooklyn:
Bert Spencer beat Sailor Joe Kelly, twelve rounds.
Jackie Coburn beat Joe Toin, six rounds.

18—Newark, N. J.:
Mickey Walker beat Philly Krug, twelve rounds.

18—Jersey City, N. J.:
Irish Johnny Curtain beat Midget Smith, twelve rounds.

18—Brooklyn Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Sammy Cohen beat Young Marino, ten rounds.
Frankie Powers knocked out Joe Pledge, five rounds.
Frank D'Annunzio knocked out Young Nelson, five rounds.

18—Harrisburgh, Pa.:
Ralph Chapman beat K. O. Leonard, eight rounds.
Pete Husnic knocked out Jack O'Neill, four rounds.
Ivory Eshelman knocked out Stanley Hinkle, two rounds.

18—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Frankie Jerome won on a foul from Jabez White, eight rounds.
Sid Terris beat Jimmy Joyce, six rounds.

18—Canton, O.:
Jeff Smith knocked out Clay Turner, two rounds.
Billy Hirsch beat Norm Genet, ten rounds.
Alex Simms beat Happy Hartman, six rounds.
Red Malloy and Billy Burwell, six-round draw.

18—Brockton, Mass.:
Willie Harmon beat Young Wildman Gould, ten rounds.

18—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Gerard beat Joe Young Symonds, twelve rounds.
Lew Paluso knocked out Eddie Franey, four rounds.

18—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Wally Hinkle beat Johnny McLaughlin, eight rounds.
Ray Mitchell beat Sailor Joe Kelly, eight rounds.

18—New Bedford, Mass.:
Al Shubert beat Frankie Britt, ten rounds.

18—Memphis, Tenn:.
Sammy Morris and Billy Douglass, draw, eight rounds.

18—Tulsa, Okla.:
Fred Fulton knocked out Carl Morris, four rounds.

18—Milwaukee:
Jimmy Niss knocked out Eddie Mullaney, four rounds.

18—Cincinnati, O.:
Billy Ryan beat Johnny Riley, ten rounds.
Earl Butler beat Tommy Cleary, eight rounds.

18—Troy, N. Y.:
Jack McFarland and Vincent Coffey, twelve rounds.

18—Detroit, Mich.:
Ted Joyce knocked out Joe Cotter, three rounds.
Al Walther beat Rem Williams, ten rounds.

18—Lynn, Mass.:
Al Sears beat Dusty Sumont, ten rounds.
Bunch O'Neill beat Young Brunso, eight rounds.
Jimmy Smith beat Frank Thiney, eight rounds.
Frankie Biff beat Kid Lee, eight rounds.
Frankie Frisono beat Tommy Clayton, six rounds.

18—Birmingham:
Claude Wilson beat Jimmy Latz, ten rounds.

18—Meriden, Conn.:
Babe Herman beat Lou Kid Kaplan, twelve rounds.

18—Staten Island:
Billy Murphy beat Larry Regan, twelve rounds.

18—Rochester, N. Y.:
Willie Herman knocked out Chubby Brown, four rounds.

19—Boston:
Red Chapman beat Charley Beecher, ten rounds.
Willie Gradwell beat South Boston Johnny Downs, ten rounds.

19—Philadelphia:
Matty Brooks beat Duser Kelly, eight rounds.

19—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Paul Doyle beat Soldier Bartfield, ten rounds.
Gypsy Daniels beat Charley McKenna, ten rounds.
Frankie Curry beat Jack Stark, ten rounds.
Jimmy Amato beat Tommy McAleer, ten rounds.

19—New Orleans:
Bill Kennedy beat Pascal Coletti, fifteen rounds.
Johnny Karr knocked out Johnny Celmars, seven rounds.

19—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Walker knocked out Johnny Pearson, seven rounds.
Buddy Saunders knocked out Sammy Marco, fourth round.
Tommy Jackson beat Johnny Mosely, ten rounds.

19—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jimmy Carroll beat Jackie Moore, twelve rounds.
Red O'Neill knocked out Jimmy Dunn, second round.

19—Albany, N. Y.:
Billy Shade beat Fay Keiser, twelve rounds.
Frankie Sinclair beat Spike Sullivan, ten rounds.

19—Los Angeles:
Phil Salvatore and Ray Long, four-round draw.
Joe Fisher beat Lackey Morrow, four rounds.

19—Walla Walla, Wash.:
Billy Wright knocked out Paddy Mullins, three rounds.
Windy Knight knocked out Walter Woodfin, first round.
Mike Brotherton knocked out Billy Bodreau, six rounds.

19—Memphis, Tenn.:
Billy Douglas and Sammy Morris, draw, ten rounds.

19—Butte, Mont.
Johnny Tranbitas and Walter Rooney, draw, ten rounds.

20—Salem, Ore.:
Rough-house Charley Burns knocked out Tiger Flores, third round.

20—San Francisco:
Johnny Lamar beat Sailor Earl Force, four rounds.
Johnny Lawson beat Harry Faligano, four rounds.
Bobby Warman knocked out Tommy Brooks, second round.
Frank Powers knocked out Bob Evans, second round.
Tommy Gonzales knocked out George Dilley, first round.
Sailor Leonard knocked out Bobby Raymond, first round.
Frankie Sans and Johnny Russell, draw, four rounds.
Frankie Perry and Joe Sarino, draw, four rounds.

20—Roanoke, Va.:
Tom Roper knocked out Ted Williams, three rounds.

20—Chicago, Ill.:
Eddie Anderson beat Patsy Flanagan, ten rounds.

20—Saginaw:
Jack Perry beat Red McLachian, ten rounds.

21—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Happy Mahoney beat Italian Joe Dempsey, ten rounds.
Charley Goodman beat Marty Collins, ten rounds.

21—102d Medical Regiment:
Young Diamond beat Joe Glick, eight rounds.
Mike Carrier beat Georgie Bush, eight rounds.
Lee Wedo beat Denny Lyons, eight rounds.

21—Lowell, Mass.:
Johnny Clinton beat Phinney Boyle, three rounds.

21—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Johnny Red Monroe beat Eddie James, twelve rounds.
Billy Fitzsimmons beat Willie Davis, ten rounds.
Artie Pierce beat Young Eddy, six rounds.

21—Paterson Sporting Club, Paterson, N. J.:
Willie Herman beat Al Delmont, twelve rounds.

21—Tacoma, Wash.:
Eddie Roberts beat Travis Roberts, ten rounds.

21—Spokane, Wash.:
Leon Stokes knocked out Soldier Woods, second round.

21—Portland, Ore.:
Denny Kramer beat Toughey Wing, ten rounds.

22—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Gus Camp beat Tom Mills, four rounds.
Harry Yates knocked out Tom Mitchell, two rounds.
Robert Cromis and Joe Frobis, draw, three rounds.

22—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Joe Lynch beat Midget Smith, fifteen rounds.

Louis Guglielmini and Manny Jacobson, four round draw.
Kid Williams won on foul from Harry Leonard, one round.
Charley Wilshur beat Phil Rosenberg, six rounds.

22—Washington, Pa.:
Patsy Young beat Eddie Wilmer, 10 rounds.
Young Dixon knocked out Kid Nolan, two rounds.
Jimmy Lennon beat Frank Davis, four rounds.

22—Cumberland, Md.:
Patsy Gainor beat Bobby Green, 12 rounds.
Young McCall beat Tommy Kobosky, eight rounds.
Buck Griffiths beat Young Cafala, six rounds.

22—Boston:
Kid Norfolk beat Lee Andersons, 12 rounds.
Wildman Gould beat Pickles Martin, eight rounds.

22—Chicago:
Pal Moore beat Bud Taylor, 10 rounds.

22—Erie, Pa.:
Sammy Sandow beat Eddie Weygant, 12 rounds.

23—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Sammy Nable beat Harry Gordon, 12 rounds.
Frankie Curry beat Harry London, 12 rounds.
Elie Perry knocked out Frankie Brochell, second round.
Johnny Vinney beat Willie Ryan, six rounds.

23 — Ridgewood Grove Club, Brooklyn:
Eddie Brady beat Willie Garber, 12 rounds.
Joe Stanley knocked out Willie Daney, nine rounds.
Paulie Porter knocked out Sammy Blonder, fifth round.
Young Jack Dempsey knocked out Andy O'Brien, seven rounds.
Georgie Helmar beat Benny Paschal, eight rounds.

25—Lancaster, Pa.:
Eddie Dempsey beat Tommy O'Toole, eight rounds.
Jack Hanlon knocked out John Viggi, one round.
Kid Buzz knocked out K. O. Keldsen, two rounds.
Mike King beat Kid Ross, six rounds.
K. O. Demmy beat Kid Stone, six rounds.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Martie Kane beat Dick Gotwalt, eight rounds.
George Leslie beat Andy Baker, eight rounds.
Harry Goodman beat Phil Twin Brown, six rounds.
Sam Langford beat Joe Williams, six rounds.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
George Russell won on a foul from Charlie Boots Doyle, one round.
Danny Grieves beat Jack Darcery, three rounds.
Bobby Michaels and Jackie Hendle, draw, four rounds.
Bobby McLoad beat Billy Mahoney, eight rounds.
Hank McGovern beat Sammy Novia, six rounds.

25—Harrison, N. J.:
Tommy Speno and Jack Rotchie, draw, eight rounds.
Snowball Moore beat Battling Walker, six rounds.

25—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Mike Moran knocked out Billy Palmer, two rounds.
Eddie Barr beat Boo Ryan, ten rounds.
Patsy Young beat Chalky Wilmer, ten rounds.
Johnny Meyers beat Kewpie Ring, six rounds.

25—Beaver Falls:
K. O. Jitney beat Tommy Phillips, ten rounds.
Young Sims and Sig Kappen, draw, eight rounds.
Jimmy Potts knocked out Jack White, one round.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Sailor Friedman beat Bobby Barrett, eight rounds.
Alex Hart beat George Chaney, eight rounds.
Ad Stone beat George Shade, eight rounds.
Whity Fitzgerald beat Jimmy Hanlon, eight rounds.
Benny Bass beat Tommy Murray, eight rounds.

25—Shenandoah, Pa.:
George Weyman beat Dennis Rogers, ten rounds.
Young Ketchell knocked out Al Cox, three rounds.

25—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Al Gordon beat Teddy Smacka, eight rounds.
K. O. Tampa beat Young Buffo, eight rounds.
Philadelphia Joe Welling knocked out Young Mulligan, five rounds.

25—Trenton, N. J.:
Glenn Steuphens beat Frankie Curley, ten rounds.
Sammy Fulton beat Joey Kerns, eight rounds.
Al Holzman knocked out Frankie Mason, one round.

25—Portland, Me.:
Johnny Bryan beat Earl Baird, ten rounds.

25—Reading Pa.:
Bobby Burke beat Tint Trinkle, eight rounds.
Pedro Campo beat Sneaky Fisher, eight rounds.

26—McKeesport, Pa.:
Bernie Conway beat Johnny King, ten rounds.
Buck Weaver beat George Kerston, six rounds.
Sammy Tarzan knocked out Jimmy Moore, four rounds.
Arthur St. Clair beat Johnny Collins, six rounds.

26—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Danny Lee knocked out Billy Rycloff, ten rounds.
Phil Rosenberg beat Johnny Inhouse, ten rounds.
Johnny Melvin knocked out Charley Eishen, three rounds.

26—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Phil Bloom beat Tony Lyons, ten rounds.
Nick Foley beat Italian Joe Dempsey, ten rounds.
Joey Silvers knocked out Joe Reed, four rounds.

26—12th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charley Murray beat Al Studdy, ten rounds.
Charley Picker beat Johnny Bush, ten rounds.
Sonny Cashin knocked out Artie Miller, one round.

26—15th Regiment Armory, New York City:
John Lester Johnson beat Ray Bennett, twelve rounds.

26—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoeel beat Pete Latzo, twelve rounds.

26—Shenandoah:
Kid Bush knocked out Kid Edwards, third round.

26—Fresno, Calif.:
Dynamite Murphy beat Pete Herman, four rounds.
Joe Herman beat Connie Hogan, four rounds.
Dummy Wallace and Benny Shannon, four-round draw.
Kid Stan beat Kid Riley, four rounds.

27—Des Moines, Iowa:
Young O'Hara beat Carl Martin, six rounds.

27—Salem, Ore.:
Aberdeen Jimmy Duffy beat Chick Rocco, ten rounds.

27—Stockton:
Gene Cline beat Claire Bromeo, four rounds.
Young Farrell and Young Sol, four-round draw.
Bert Morgan beat Joe Cannon, four rounds.
Battling Beans beat Goldie Smith, four rounds.
Young Winstead knocked out Vic Highland, second round.

22—San Francisco:
Steve Bliss and Young Dudley, no contest, stalling.
Mike O'Leary and Eddie White, draw, four rounds.
Rube Finn knocked out Ray Kronich, one round.
Charlie Martine knocked out Soldier Burke, two rounds.
Racehorse Roberts and Sailor Roberts, draw, four rounds.
Billy Ray beat Johnny Ray, four rounds.
Johnny Gleason knocked out Kid Martin, two rounds.

27 — Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Al Roberts and Chick Wiggins, twelve-round draw.
Sammy Vogel beat Artie Pierce, six rounds.
Lew Paluso beat Joey Baker, six rounds.
Joe Denny beat Johnny Klobby, six rounds.

28—102d Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Galligan beat Sonny Cashin, eight rounds.
Joe Saviola beat Tony Marto, eight rounds.
Bobby Green beat Andy Ketchell, eight rounds.

28—Armory, Orange, N. J.:
Pal Reed knocked out Johnny Martin, nine rounds.

28—Hamilton A. C., Passaic, N. J.:
Willie Herman beat Johnny Martin, twelve rounds.

28—Scranton, Pa.:
Billy Defoe and Jimmy Goodrich, twelve-round draw.
Sid Buller knocked out Young Baker, five rounds.

29—Los Angeles:
Jack Josephs beat Jimmy Duffy, four rounds.
Dandy Dick Griffin knocked out Teddy Silvam, four rounds.

29—San Francisco:
Pete Daly beat Mike O'Leary, four rounds.
Johnny McManus beat Sammy Compagno, four rounds.
Eddie White beat Roy Sutherland, four rounds.
Racehorse Roberts beat Rube Finn, four rounds.
Ted Seidman beat Bud Garber, four rounds.
Sailor Goldman beat Indian Jack Price, four rounds.
Billy Ray beat Jimmy Dell, four rounds.

29—Baker, Ore.:
Lee Morrisset knocked out Battling Lubbes, eight rounds.

29—Sacramento:
Gorilla Jones beat Tom Kelly, four rounds.

29—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Young Piazzi beat Eddie Carver, four rounds.
Young Piazzi beat Happy Davis, three rounds.
Young Brady beat Tommy Stinger, three rounds.

29—New Kensington, Pa.:
Jack Barry knocked out Eddie Hazel, three rounds.
Sailor Roberts beat Brickey Riley, six rounds.
Leo Cagill knocked out Ray Rivers, three rounds.
Kid Murphy and Young Ketchell, draw, four rounds.

29—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Pancho Villa beat Terry Martin, fifteen rounds.
Babe Herman beat Hughey Hutchinson, twelve rounds.
Pickles Martin beat Jimmy Carroll, six rounds.
Charley Ryer beat Frankie Florio, four rounds.

29—New Orleans:
Johnny Reisler beat Joe Matranga, fifteen rounds.
Sam Pizzolotta beat Charley Rodriquez, six rounds.
Al Pettingill beat Monk Kelly, six rounds.

29—Detroit:
Benny Valger beat Ted Merchant, ten rounds.
Al Walthers knocked out Johnny Tanner, two rounds.

29—Milwaukee:
Johnny Dundee beat Tommy O'Brien, ten rounds.

29—Worcester, Mass.:
Solly Green beat Sailor Byron, ten rounds.

30—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Abe Goldstein beat Kid Rash, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Cancro knocked out Babe Sullivan, two rounds.

30—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Andy (Kid) Palmer beat Frankie Powers, ten rounds.
Henry Mick beat Morse Castel, ten rounds.
Frankie Fleming knocked out Otto Johnson, three rounds.
Sid Terris knocked out Tommy Hayes, four rounds.

One Minute Rest Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

Charlie Weinert will most likely retire from the ring.

Tunney is now ripe for a crack at Harry Greb's title. He will have many backers in the event that they should meet.

The break that occurred between Manager George Engle and Harry Greb astonished the fistic world. There never was a more harmonious couple in the boxing game. Before Engle handled Greb, he was traveling around the country, exhibiting his wares, but not causing any undue excitement. But after Engle began to get busy advertising Greb, Harry became a big factor in pugilism. He received big purses and won the light heavyweight championship.

Jabez White, the tough Albany bantamweight contender for titular honors, has recently joined the stable of Lew Diamond, of Jersey City. Jabez is a serious person to reckon with when in condition. He will be remembered by those who saw him defeat Jack Sharkey in Madison Square Garden, as a classy boxer and splendid hitter. He is a fine box office attraction no matter where he fights.

Butch O'Hagan, of Albany, who was a serious contender for the middleweight championship several years ago, has decided to come back. He has signed up with Lew Diamond for his future contests. Butch defeated Irish Fagan, a tough and rugged Jersey middleweight, in Newark recently, and made a favorable impression.

Wilbur Cohen, former amateur champion, who recently forsook the amateur ranks for the more profitable venture of professionalism, has signed up with Maxey Haugh, the veteran campaigner. Maxey knows the game from A to Z and will be of great assistance to Wilbur in his bouts.

Billy Wells is the latest welterweight arrival from England. He is a welterweight who is proving a dangerous menace to all the prominent men in his class.

Johnny Vinny, the bantamweight champion of the United States Navy, and holding the diamond belt that goes with that honor, has located in New York, and will seek matches under the care of Charley Rose, the famous trainer of boxers.

Vinny has obtained a great reputation in the Navy, and to maintain that rep, he will make trouble for them all.

Buddy Wallace, of Greenwich Village, who divides his time between boxing in armories and the regular boxing clubs, is kept busy all the time. Buddy's favorite distance is twelve rounds, but he can only get the opportunity to box that number of rounds at the armories. He boxes six rounds at the local clubs, but is still anxious to meet stiffer opposition.

Willie Darcy, the promising flyweight from the Bronx, has begun an active campaign that will eventually lead to a match with the leading flyweights of the country. Since turning 21 years of age he has engaged in six ten-round bouts, winning them all. He scored over Jimmy Bones, Johnny Innhouse, Mickey Nelson, Jimmy Barton, Henny Catena, and Manny Wexler. Willie has been working out with Midget Smith for the past few months, and has acquired many of the Midget's ring tactics.

A new-comer has arrived in Gotham, the person being Fred Lewis who hails from Chicago. Fred is a flyweight and his advance notices presage a real good fighter. Although being in the midget class, he has met Joe Gorman of California three times, a much heavier opponent and will issue challenges to the leading men around New York in his class.

Frankie Sinclair is one of the latest crop of bantamweights deserving of recognition. He was practically an unknown a few months ago, but is showing such fine form that he is entitled to meet the first-raters.

Henry Maltor, who recently came from Carlinville, Ill., has begun training in Mac Levy's Garden Gymnasium. He is in line for some eastern matches. He has become associated with Joe Levy of St. Louis. He is a legitimate welterweight. His last two battles were with Speedy Sparks and Anthony Downey.

Harvey Bright, the Brooklyn medico, who recently stopped Lew McFarland in six rounds at Philadelphia, is in line for some lucrative matches. His manager, Clarence Gillespie, is on Matchmaker Frank Flournoy's trail to get him a Garden bout. Bright, it will be remembered, made the fight aaginst Sammy Mandell in Tex Rickard's temple of fistiana a month ago. Know what would be a good return bout? Bright vs. Pepper Martin!

John Leo Dorgan got his best Christmas present from his battler, Charles White. When he bounced into his Garden office the day after the first holiday his eyes fell on a package duly registered. He was about to throw it into a pail of water fearing that it might contain some kind of a bomb, for Dick Curley had just got in from Chicago, when his sidekick, Francis Albertanti, used to dynamite and other things, took a chance and ripped it open. Behold, what do you think was in the package? Just a piece of jewelry—an open-faced, octagon-shaped platinum watch which a pawnbroker said was worth around $300 or $400.

Charley White made a great move when he got Dorgan to be his manager. Since he's been under Ike's wing he has drawn in New York, principally with Tex Rickard, the sum of $190,000. He fought Johnny Dundee twice, Richie Mitchell, Sid Marks, Bobby Barrett and Willie Jackson. His next appearance in the Garden will be with Rocky Kansas.

Dick Curley is the right man in the right place handling the pugilistic affairs of Sailor Friedman. Under Dick's guidance the Sailor boy should clean up. He is a heavy lightweight now and it is feared he'll never box Leonard again for the good reason that he can scarcely make 138 pounds, let alone 135, the lightweight titular poundage. A Charley White-Friedman fight would pack the Garden at any price.

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(Continued from page 30)

30—Ridgewood Grace Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Terry Miller beat Billy Mascott, twelve rounds.
Johnny Herman beat Jim Henry, ten rounds.

30—Paris, France:
Marcel Nilles beat Frank Moran, fifteen rounds.

30—Sheffield, England:
Mike McTigue knocked out Harry Knight, four rounds.

30—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Ruby Stein beat Billy Brown, twelve rounds.
Bobby Wagner and Jimmy Foley, eight-round draw.

January 1—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Harry Greb beat Bob Roper, ten rounds.
Cuddy DeMarco beat Eddie Borland, six rounds.
Vic Brog beat Sammy Tarzan, six rounds.
Frankie Brebkus beat Billy Scoles, six rounds.

1—Atlantic City:
Mike Moran beat Bobby Wolgast, eight rounds.

1—Columbus:
Sid Barnarian beat K. O. Jeakle, twelve rounds.

1—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pancho Villa beat Battling Murray, eight rounds.
Carl Tremaine beat Jabez White, eight rounds.
Joe Coletti knocked out Johnny Mayhook, four rounds.
Ray Mitchell beat Joe Tiplitz, eight rounds.
Harvey Bright beat Lew McFarland, eight rounds.

1—Indianapolis:
Buddy Taylor knocked out Benny Vogel, one round.
Louis Lavel knocked out Jack Curley, four rounds.
Mickey O'Dowd beat K. O. Circus, ten rounds.

1—Lynn, Mass.:
Eddie Shevlin knocked out Ray Pryel, six rounds.

1—Erie, Pa.:
Harry White beat Mickey Dillon, ten rounds.
Chick Rivers beat Jimmy Cauvel, eight rounds.
Frank Mozdy beat Joe Bagley, six rounds.
Battling Rincola knocked out Fighting Mack, one round.

1—Baltimore:
Kid Wolfe knocked out Nat Carp, four rounds.

1—Cincinnati:
Steve Latzo and Speedy Sparks, ten-round draw.

1—Troy, N. Y.:
Frankie Laureate beat Soldier Bartfield, twelve rounds.
Frank Laiffy beat Battling Barry, ten rounds.

1—Buffalo:
Rocky Kansas beat Sammy Berne, ten rounds.
Bobby Tracey beat Phil Logan, ten rounds.
Nick Volpetti beat Harry Raskin, six rounds.
Chick Branch beat Eddie Boyle, six rounds.

1—Harrisburg:
Pete Husnic beat Kid Julian, twelve rounds.
Ralph Repman beat Kid Mack, eight rounds.

1—Lancaster, Pa:
Jack Hanlon knocked out Sam Blackiston, eight rounds.
Tex McEwan beat Nuck Aston, eight rounds.

PICKED UP ON THE COAST

By George W. Hussey

Two well-known local boxers arrived from the South recently. Sailor Walter, a featherweight, as pleasing a fighter as one would care to see in action, and Alex McDonald, Mission boxer, dropped off the same train. McDonald came up to Los Angeles to spend the holidays with his folks. He had fair success in all of his bouts in the South.

Frankie Perry, a fast 115-pound youngster who has been raising havoc with all the boys of his weight around the San Joaquin Valley district, arrived in this city looking for bouts. He expects to be kept busy this year.

Frank Scalor, who handled the affair of Lackey Morrow while be was on the Coast, had branched out as a manager himself. He has three boys under his wing, Vic Gracio, a lightweight; Harry Sutton, lightweight, and Al Gracio, a featherweight. Scalor will try to get plenty of work for his youngsters at the local clubs.

Teddy Silva, the crackajack local bamtamweight who has fought the best boys in his division, is looking for ring engagements with the best bantamweights. Silva in the past has fought Georgie Marks, Dick Griffin, Young Farrell and a host of others. In his last appearance here he fought a draw with Sammy Compagno.

Buck Holley, the middleweight boxer, has turned his attention toward the promotion end of the boxing game. Holley will stage boxing shows in his gym at Stockton. The place is large enough to seat 1,000 persons.

Eddie Tait, the boxing promoter of the Philippine Islands, has arrived here. He is trying to get local talent for Manila bouts.

Another Eastern boxer has decided to come to the Coast to try a hand at the four-round game. He is Frank Carbone, the Brooklyn middleweight. Carbone toured Texas before coming here. Carbone has boxed such men as Harry Greb, Ted Lewis, Mick O'Dowd and many others.

The fight game is going greater on the Coast. Sections that heretofore have frowned upon the game are passing legislation to foster the sport. All of which goes to show that when conducted properly, no sport can be banished for a long period. Much credit is given to local promoters for the manner in which they have conducted bouts.

Incidentally, it might be remarked that THE RING has played a prominent part in the uplift of the sport. Persons in this city who never saw a boxing contest are regular purchasers of this magazine from yours truly, who has the agency.

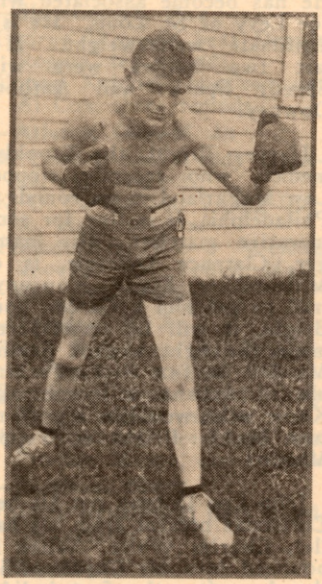
CALIFORNIA NOTES

By Joe Waterman

Al McCoy, ex-middleweight champion, is getting ready for a comeback and will soon make his debut as a California four-rounder. McCoy is making his home in Los Angeles and trains faithfully every day.

Bud Ridley is the busiest boxer on the Coast. On December 5 he defeated Ernie Goozeman at Vernon, on the 13th he held Jimmy Dundee to a draw in the main event at Tommy Simpson's Oakland Auditorium and on the 22d he easily beat Frankie McCann in the feature bout at the Hollywood arena. Ridley scored knockdowns against Dundee and McCann.

Jack Josephs of Minneapolis made a hit with Hollywood fans when he fought a draw with George Lavigne. Josephs is to meet Jimmy Duffy this month. Duffy (Hymie Gold), is the recognized Coast welterweight



Sailor Patchett of the U.S.S. Navy Coco Solo. He is said to be a second Jimmy Wilde

champion and has not met with defeat since he returned from that disastrous trip East.

Danny Kramer is in Portland under contract for three contests for the Portland Boxing Commission. The hard-socking little Hebrew scored an easy Victory over Weldon Wing and is to meet Joe Gorman in his next start.

Two new sensations have startled Northwest fans lately. They are Ted Krache of Aberdeen, Wash., a welter, and "Dode" Bearcot of Yakima, Wash., a southpaw featherweight. These two boys, who are considered novices, have been bowling over veterans lately, "Tacoma" Frankie Britt suffering his first knockout at the hands of Bearcot last month.

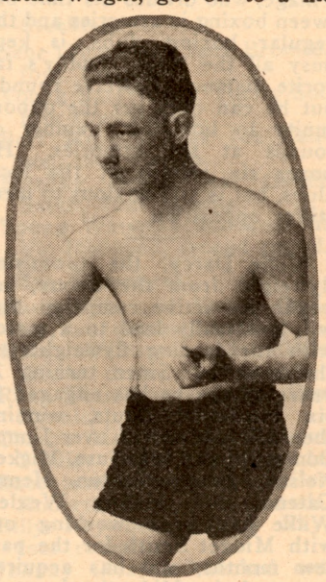
Los Angeles fight bugs are all "het" up over the coming battle between Danny Kramer and Bud Ridley for the Coast feather title. The go is expected to draw the biggest house in the history of Vernon boxing.

Willie Ritchie's reported comeback did not materialize. It is said that Ritchie wanted diamonds in his medal and Promoter Tommy Simpson could not see his way clear to give them. In other words, the ex-champ wanted too much dough for meeting Jimmy Duffy.

Terio Vargas, Filipino bantamweight, may soon be seen in action in the East, as Frank Churchill, manager of Pancho Villa, has sent for him. Vargas has been boxing in California for the past three years with fair success.

Ray Long, Oklahoma welterweight is going great guns in the four-round game and is soon to meet Joe Benjamin and Jimmy Duffy. Long is a tough, aggressive boy who also can sock with either hand.

Johnny Pistrano, Filipino featherweight, got off to a nice



Jabez White, Albany bantam, who is now under the management of Lew Diamond. He has a hefty wallop

start when he beat Billy Wallace to a decision at Hollywood lately. Pistrano is very fast and clever and would make good in the East.

Bert Colima scored another victory when he put the skids under Bat Larsen in one round. "Wad" Wadhams, matchmaker of Doyle's Vernon Club, will feature Colima in the near future, his opponent probably being Tom King, the sailor boxer who has been cleaning them up around Oregon lately.

Phil Salvadore shocked the wise ones when he trimmed Joe Benjamin at Vernon recently. Salvadore was a despised shortender, very few giving him a chance against the classy, hard-punching Benjamin. But Salvadore was in great nick, and with his opponent's manager and pal, Jack Kearns, and Champion Jack Dempsey looking on, romped off with an easy decision.

Bud Logan has returned to the middlewest. The four-round game is not for him, he decided, after taking a terrible lacing from "Chick" Roach at Oakland.

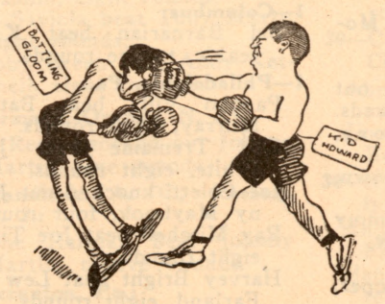
BALTIMORE GOSSIP

By James Raymond Price

Another bout with an unsatisfactory ending has been added to the long list of fiascos that have taken place this season in Baltimore. The much-heralded second meeting of Nate Carp, Sammy Harris's latest sensation, and Kid Wolfe, Philadelphia's premier flyweight, before the Coliseum Athletic Club, on New Year's night, came to an abrupt halt in the fourth stanza when Carp was the victim of an unintentional butt that opened up a gash over his right eye. The fight was stopped and a physician of the Maryland Boxing Commission pronounced Carp as unfit to continue. Referee Tony Geiger awarded the decision to Wolfe for no other reason, apparently, than that he thought a winner should be declared. The rules of the Commission state that butting is illegal, and a boxer who is guilty should be disqualified, the same as if he had delivered a blow below the belt. In Harris's opinion the cut could have been patched up and the bout continued, but Geiger, acting on the advice of the doctor, stopped the fight.

Something should be done to protect the fight fan who pays his good money at the box office

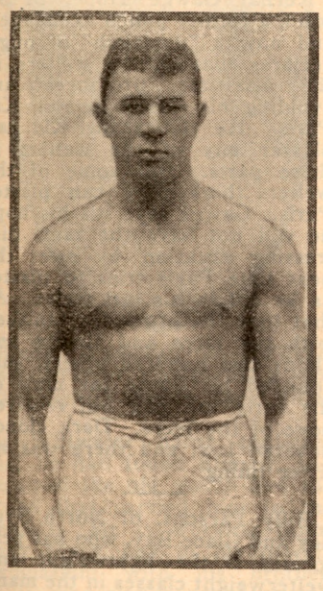
When in Chicago



Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

32 South Clark St. Phone Dearborn 6280

to enjoy an evening's entertainment featured by a 12-round decision bout and then sees four or five rounds of tame milling that winds up with a foul blow or butt. Seven such mills have already been staged here and the long-suffering public is gasping for breath and bleating for help. The boxing game that began this season with a wonderful fight between Carp and Benny Schwartz is now hanging on the ropes and a couple of more suspicious looking contests will just about put it down and out for good.



Pat McCarthy, of Boston, for whom Johnny Mooney predicts the light heavyweight title this year

Among the bouts that terminated unsatisfactorily were the Williams-Joe Dundee fight, 10 rounds, foul; Williams-Roy Moore, 11 rounds, stopped by referee; Benny Schwartz-Frankie Murray, 4 rounds, foul; Frankie Rice-Andy Chaney, 5 rounds, foul; Frankie Rice-Len Mahoney, 4 rounds, foul; Eddie Burnbrock-Johnny Wolgast, 1 round, stopped by referee; Nate Carp-Kid Wolfe, 4 rounds, stopped by referee. Eleven contests have been staged by the larger clubs in Baltimore this season, the above seven have left a bad taste in the mouths of followers of the game, the other four were filled with bristling action. That's a poor showing.

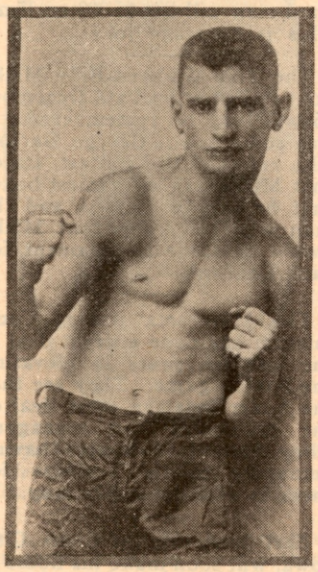
Sammy Harris is trying to close a match between George Chaney and Alex Hart of Cleveland and if the little matchmaker of the Coliseum Club is successful a great bout should result. Chaney and Hart met in Phliadelphia on Christmas Day, and after eight thrilling rounds Hart was handed the popular decision. Harris is up in arms over the deal handed the Knockout King and will leave no stone unturned to get Hart in the same ring with George again.

Jim Holland, local heavyweight, began his season's campaign with a two-round victory over Herman Miller at the Gayety Theatre last month. Miller's seconds threw the towel in the ring after their boy had been badly battered and was on the verge of a knockout. Miller has been going back for sometime now, and this bout will no doubt be his last in this city.

PANAMA CANAL ZONE NOTES

By Matty Nolan

Boxing in the Canal Zone, due to the energetic work of those who have the interests of the sport at heart, has progressed to a stage where it is now classed as the major sport of the Zone. With two big clubs running, one the Colon A. C., under the management and direct supervision of the writer and other, on the Pacific side of the ocean under the control of Sol & Duque, this section of the universe is seeing some lively scrapping. Shows that would do justice to a major



Joe Glick, featherweight and junior lightweight champion of the New York State National Guard

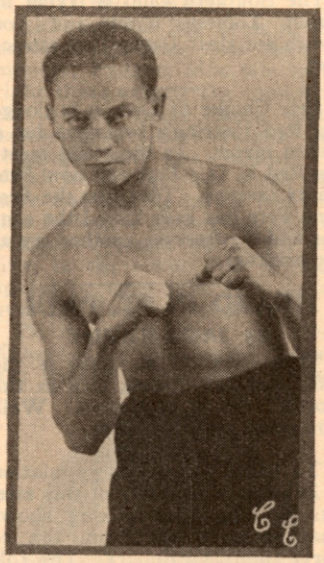
city in the States are being staged here regularly and for action, there is not a section of the United States where more can be seen in one night than takes place here when the gobs and the khaki uniformed boys of Uncle Sam's Navy and Army get into the ring.

The sailors, marines and soldiers stationed in the Zone are so eager to obtain THE RING that no sooner does the local allotment arrive than the writer is mobbed for copies. No boxing or sporting magazine ever published, has met with such instant favor as has THE RING. Next to his furlough and pay check, THE RING takes its place in the heart of the service boys.

Soldier Molling of France Field, a 118-pound boxer who has shown considerable skill, has gained a horde of friends here because of his fine ring work. He is a clean-cut young fellow, a splendid type of soldier and is well liked by his mates.

A featherweight whose record entitles him to recognition is Joe Walcott of Colon, a negro weighing 126 pounds. Although Joe has decided to take the name of the great negro welterweight, he is far from being as heavy a hitter as the original Joe, yet carries a sleep producing wallop that has made many an opponent wince.

Panama's great little boxer, Sailor Patchett of the U. S. Navy Coco Solo, expects soon to make his debut in New York. The Sailor, who holds the flyweight championship of the Zone, was to have sailed for New York City



Jake Sherman, a junior lightweight of Montreal, whose battling has earned him a big Canadian following

on December 16, but violated one of the Navy rules and lost the opportunity. He expects to be a better boy this year and hopes to make the voyage within the next month.

Bob Fox, the soldier welterweight who has engaged in several worthy battles here, expects to leave for the States shortly.

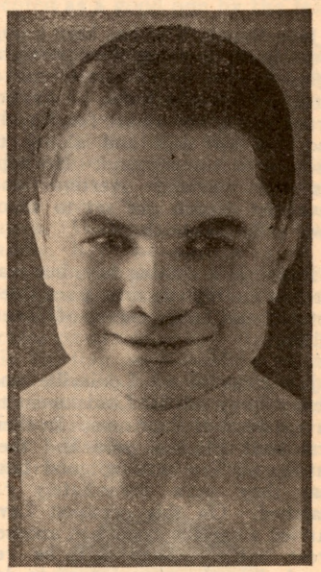
In a recent bout which excited local fans to a high pitch, Walcott defeated Joe Mooney. The bout drew a big house to the Colon Athletic Club and the betting was almost as lively as the contest itself. Mooney was outclassed and had no excuse for his defeat other than his opponent showed superior form.

On this same card Soldier Meyers of Fort Randolph put away Kid Ernesto in the third round, and Soldier Pella of France Field was put to sleep by Sailor Phillips of Coco Solo in four rounds after being floored six times.

A weird decision by Referee Perlow saved Kid Theophilo from a defeat at the hands of Sailor Patchett, flyweight champion at the Colon A. C. on December 6. Excepting the third round, in which he was knocked down twice, Sailor Patchett gave his opponent a bad beating in the other thirteen rounds. According to the service men here who know a fighter when they see one, Sailor Patchett is the greatest little flyweight on this side of the Atlantic, not even barring such men as Johnny Buff and other New York stars. Officers who served in England during the world war declare that Sailor Patchett is a second Jimmy Wilde and expect to hear of big doings from him when he lands in New York.

Soldier Petronio knocked out Sailor West of Coco Solo here on the same card in the third round of an exciting set-to.

Arosemena, the fistic idol of the Panama Republic and champion in his division, successfully defended his title against K. O. Sailor McCarthy, one of Uncle Sam's pugilistic stars, when for



Billy McCann, one of Jerry Sach's Cleveland lightweights, whose recent work has been pleasing

the second consecutive time while engaged in a title bout he won on a foul. Unmercifully beaten by the sailor phenom, Arosemena saved his crown through carelessness and overanxiety on the part of McCarthy, who hit the Panamanian while he was struggling to his feet after being floored for a count of seven.

Joe Mooney of New York City has arrived here for a series of bouts.

Sol, who is associated with O'Brien and Duqu in the handling of boxing in Panama City, has just returned from a trip to New York City, where he signed several boys for bouts here. Incidentally, while in New York he closed arrangements with THE RING whereby he will handle the magazine on the Pacific side of the Isthmus in Panama City and the writer will as before have exclusive handling of this great boxing magazine in the Canal Zone and at Colon.

LOUISVILLE NEWS

By W. RAY BOSLER

The fighting game around here is going good. Two clubs are operating — the Jefferson, holding weekly shows, and the Southern, monthly shows. The first show here was a bloomer, the Jefferson losing money. Bryan Downey and Jock Malone were the headliners. These boys have met too often and know each other's style too well, and the bout turned out to be a dancing match, neither boy showing any of the class they have. The semi-windup, between stockyards boys—Tommy Murphy and Hugh Ross—was a good bout, but Ross outpointed Murphy by a wide margin. Both boys were trying and doing their best, which is more than can be said for the main go.

Jackie Dugan, Louisville's popular bantam, defeated Max Epstein in six stirring rounds. It was the best bout of the card.

Jack Ranch, who has been going great guns, winning four straight fights by the K. O. route, met a tartar in Frankie Jones, of Frisco. Frankie was too smart for Ranch, and, by his skill and ability to duck, won every round. He kept his left working overtime and never let Ranch get set to shoot over a K. O. punch.

Ranch is a coming boy, but was pitched too high against a seasoned veteran and ring general of Jones' caliber.

Joe Pegalini of Louisville and Benny Levy of St. Louis seem to have a feud of their own. In their first bout Pegalini won and they put up such a rattling good bout that they were immediately rematched. On this occasion Levy carried away the honors in another great battle. They will be rematched in the near future to decide the issue. Both boys have large local followings and always work to a packed house.

Dick Loadman, of Shannon's stable, out of Buffalo, showed he is still there by defeating Jackie Gross of Lima. Dickie pummeled Gross' ribs and body till they looked like raw beef, and Gross did little but hold on. The newspapers gave a New York decision on this bout, giving Gross a shade.

Red Herring and Jimmy Finley have been making the Southern circuit and meeting with unusual success. Neither has had a defeat chalked against them up to the present time.

Jackie Dugan, local bantam, has met with lots of success in the boxing game. Jackie has been in the game a year and a half and has only one decision handed against him. Kid Sparks, a shifty hard punching boxer of Terre Haute, was the boy who broke Jackie's winning streak.

Billy Cecil, the fast coming fly, is back in training after being on the shelf for a couple of months. The rest was made necessary on account of a splintered rib and a shot at matrimony. Looks like the local promoters will have to import some boys for this lad as none of the 112 pounders want any of his game.

Soldier Buck, local middleweight, has a spot where it seems like he can't loose. Zanesville is his lucky spot. He defeated Khron Kelsch in that city.

Bozo Murphy, middleweight prelim. boy, is a great crowd pleaser. Bozo don't win many battles but the crowd is always pulling for him. Whenever a bout begins to get slow the crowd starts yelling, "Bring on Bozo."

The Southern Club is trying to match Tommy Ryan and Joe Lynch for their Derby Day attraction.

Pete Choike of Detroit is dodging Red Herring's footsteps for a return match. In their last meeting Red K. O.'s Pete and now Pete wants revenge. That was the first time Pete has ever kissed the canvas and he deserves another try at the bricktop.

HEARD IN ST. PAUL

By JACK REDDY

"The City of St. Paul is the most popular boxing city in the world." Some statement. Well, you must be told why.

To begin with, the population is 240,000. For a city of this size, St. Paul has had boxing shows that have drawn from ten to forty thonsand dollars. The following are a few shows put on in St. Paul:

Gibbons vs. Ahern....	$24,000
Gibbons vs. Smith....	20,000
Miske vs. Fulton.....	16,000
Gibbons vs. Dillon.....	20,000
Gibbons vs. O'Dowd..	40,000
Miske vs. Dempsey...	15,000
Miske vs. Fulton.....	20,000
Miske vs. Gibbons....	20,000

There are also a great many more ranging from five to twelve thousand dollars. St. Paul also has had more good boxers at any one time than any other city in the world.

St. Paul has produced such boxers as the Gibbons, Tom and Mike, Billy Miske, Jock Malone, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Ertle, Stewart McLean, since 1905, and from actual check-up, St. Paul has today 149 boxers who work out daily at the popular Rose Room Gym, which is considered one of the finest gyms in the country. At this gym an amateur show is staged every Tuesday night. These shows are conducted by Johnny Salvatore, proprietor of the gym. Eight four-round bouts is the regular show. Some very good talent is looked for in the near future.

Considering the above facts, St. Paul will readily be classed as the greatest boxing city in the world.

The "Silent Swede," Emil Engberg, is still knocking them dead. Since the last issue of this book Emil has kayoed Bill Buchern in St. Paul and Dick Franklin at Duluth. He sure looks the part of a comer in the heavyweight division. What a match the Iowa farmer, Floyd Johnson, and the Minnesota farmer, Emil Engberg, would be! A certain St. Paul man will bet $5,000 on Emil. This is no stage joke.

The Tom Gibbons-Billy Miske bout staged in St. Paul December 15 will long be remembered. It was some bout. George Barton, who refereed the contest, stated that Miske was the gamest boxer that he ever witnessed, and the man who can knock out Miske would be the real opponent for Jack Dempsey.

The Minnesota Boxing Commission has done a great deal in the last ten years in elevating the boxing game. They see that the boxer gets the same deal as the promoters and managers. They believe in boxers having managers to do business for them in a business-like way.

Earl McArthur of Sioux City, Iowa, will soon make his home in St. Paul. He looks like one of the best bantams in this section and a special inducement will be made Joe Lynch to enter into a contest with him in St. Paul.

Johnny Ertle, former king of the bantamweights, has one big idea in his busy little head.

The little fellow wants to show Twin Cities ring fans that he is as good as he was back in the old days when he strutted through the bantam ranks to the top.

It was last spring that Ertle decided to stage a comeback. Since then he has engaged in six bouts, winning five of them by comfortable margins. His last

PAY NO MORE THAN 15 CENTS FOR THE RING.

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EASTERN CANADA PICK-UPS

By CANADIAN BILL

Nedder Healey has won all his bouts to date since he became a pro, as a welterweight. He went in as a sub at short notice and defeated Charlie McDonald, of Halifax, and followed this with a knockout over Harry Lyman, of Moncton, and a decision over Jack McKenna, of North Sydney, all in Halifax. Healey has not shown against anything good just yet, the intention being evidently to nurse him along until he gets the professional range.

Johnny McIntyre, of Sydney, maritime welterweight champion, is in St. John. He wants to meet Nedder Healey, of Halifax, and judging from the prospects in the maritime provinces McIntyre should have no trouble in beating all the welters in this territory even though he has broken, bent, and battered training rules until he has them pleading for help.

Kernal Gawge Hope, of St. John, a former punch exchanger, and now a "managah" of pugs, declares that all the welters in the maritime provinces are avoiding his dusky demon, Kid Paris. He thinks the Kid can plaster any of the welters in these parts. But some of the welters think they can plaster Paris. Gawge says it's his hope he will not have the same distressing situation to meet the next time Paris tries to plaster as he did in his last melee. At that time the promoter vanished with the lucre and Gawge and about two hundred others, surrounded his house for most of the early morning but received none of the lucre. Dark clouds hovered low, and there was no silver lining.

Billy Parsons, of North Sydney and Glace Bay, who has performed in the lightweight and welterweight classes in the maritime provinces for the past thirty years, is one of the oldest ringsters in America. Every time Billy battles the creaks of his joints can be heard for miles away.

"Walloping" O'Neil, of St. John, a bantamweight, is an excellent blocker. The trouble is he blocks everything his opponent tosses at him with his nasal organ. He simply can't seem to get his nose out of the way. In a recent contest with "One Punch" Martin, O'Neill bled so freely, he looked like the victim of a wreck.

Jimmy Sullivan, of Halifax, is said to be teaching his grandchildren how to scrap. When Georges Clemenceau started to wade into politics, Jimmy started in to battle in the ring. And he hasn't yet reformed.

Another Colored Supplement in the March Issue of The Ring

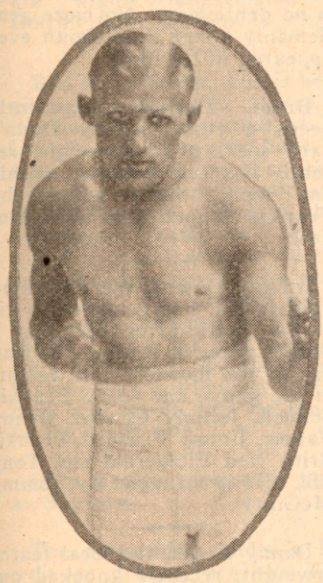
Fight scenes and famous fighters. Place your order in advance—THE RING sells out early.

Jack Skelly Joins Ring Staff

Jack Skelly, world famous fighter, referee and writer on things pugilistic, has joined THE RING staff. Jack will write highly interesting stories on the old timers. No man living knows more about the old timers than Jack. Follow him in THE RING, beginning with the March issue.

encounter, a tussle with Bobby Eber at Hamilton, Ont., Eber's home town, went to the Canadian lad by a shade after ten rounds of furious milling.

Johnny, however, returned to



Frankie Venschell, a Wilkes-Barre scrapper, who is both a two-fisted fighter and a hard hitter

his Stillwater home confident that he had found himself, had regained the old punch and the speed that carried him to the heights. He is working faithfully every day in his private gymnasium with his brother, Mike, who also is punching and stepping in better form than ever.

Since Johnny started his comeback he has met Johnny Ritchie, Bob Asher, Benny Vogel, Joey Schwartz, Jimmy Valentine and Bobby Eber. He disposed of Ritchie in three rounds and won from all the rest with the exception of Eber.

Gossip from the Southland

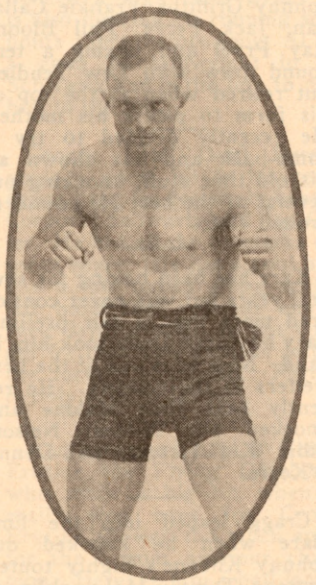
By Mal McGilvery

The surprise of the Southern fistic season—and there have been many such so far—was the defeat of Joe Welling, Chicago lightweight, by Basil Galiano, the Crescent City aspirant for higher honors.

Welling, who entered the ring at New Orleans an eight-to-five favorite over the local delegate, was figured to emerge victorious by a wide margin. Many of the wise birds doped it out that the Stockyards visitor would throw over the kayo wallop before the bout had traveled half of the scheduled fifteen rounds. As the result showed, the shoe was on the other foot, and although Joseph tried manfully to connect with his deadly right, used as an uppercut to the point, he did not have sufficient steam behind the punch to faze the Italian-Louisiana laddie. Galiano took everything Welling could throw in his direction and although it was plain he could have ducked or least ways sidestepped many of the deliveries, he seemed content to take 'em and so help, by tiring out the Chicago man, to pave the way for his own unexpected win.

Galiano is without question the best at his poundage in the South today. He showed marked improvement in this, his latest appearance before the railbirds who have been craving for someone to come along and upset the local.

This writer is of the opinion that in the near future Ray Maywood may prove to be Galiano's undoing. Maywood, who went to New Orleans from Shreveport, where he had been given a tryout by this writer, who saw more in his ability than the average fan, is a lad with a hefty wallop in both



Patsy White, middleweight contender from Columbus, Ohio; out with a challenge to Mike O'Dowd

mitts, and as he has won each of his seven bouts in the Southern city since his unheralded advent, it looks that he would and should be the logical opponent to face Galiano.

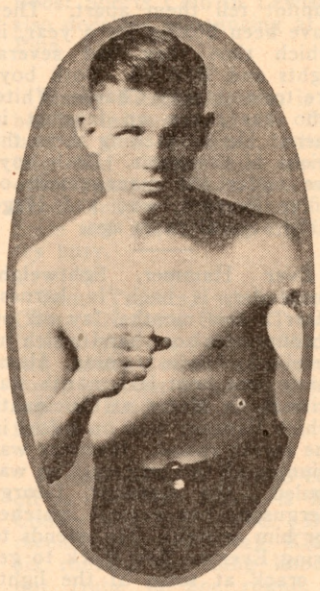
Red Welsh, primarily responsible for the rise to fame of Pete Herman, is managing Galiano. He hopes ere long to exploit him in the effete East. The Italian is a quiet, modest, likable fellow, a credit to the profession he has adopted as his life work and with such an old head as Walsh directing his affairs, the South may in the not far distant future boost a logical successor to the present holder of the lightweight title.

Tommy Walsh, Chicago manager, has been set down for six long months by the Louisiana State Boxing Commission "for conduct opposed to the views of the officials of that commission. Walsh, who escorted Welling to New Orleans, was compelled to leave the arena in the fourteenth round of the Welling-Galiano bout, and later at a meeting of the commish, was penalized as recorded. There is no getting around the fact that the Louisiana body is the best conducted of any State in the Union where boxing is legalized. Dick Burke, secretary, is known and respected as an authority on the game from every angle. He has been connected with fistics since he was knee-high to a grasshopper and only when compelled to act as he did in the Tommy Walsh case, does he do so. Then it's for the sake of the sport which Dick ever has in mind. He has brought boxing to a hgih state of perfection in the South and it is whispered that if boxing ever passes the Texas Legislature and becomes law, it will be through the pressure brought to bear by Burke.

Cowboy Padgett, "the world's premier cowboy mitt artist," jumped into the limelight recently when he applied the K. O. to Willie Loughlin at Tulsa, Okla., in three brief stanzas.

Although he has been in the professional game less than 18 months, Padgett bids fair to be right there among the topnotchers before much more water passes under the bridges, and judging from the manner in which he is traveling, those who have watched his career feel sure that he'll give Champion Mickey Walker a tough battle for the title, in the event that Michael agrees to meet him, in a match over the decision route.

Picked up by Ray C. Alvis, Kansas City manager, Padgett has improved out of all former



Anthony Downey, Biddy Bishop's crack entry in the middleweight class. He is a Cincinnati resident

knowledge of the boxing game, and gifted with two mitts that spell ruin once he gets into his stride, it looks that his path to the throne should be a comparatively easy one.

Padgett is a great in-fighter. His aggressiveness and anxiety to mix it at all stages of a mill pleases the fans.

Glenn Clickner, the Tulsa, Okla.-Racine, Wis., light-heavy, made a surprisingly good showing in his "come-back" when at Dallas, Tex., December 15, he won the newspaper decision over Harry Krohn, Akron, O. The bout went the scheduled 10 rounds. The men met last summer at Shreveport over 15 rounds and but for the clean knockdown in the fourteenth round scored by Clickner, the Akronite would have been entitled to nothing worse than a draw. Knocked out by Jeff Smith recently at Tulsa and more recently by Frank Corbone at New Orleans, the Racine entry came through against his third opponent at Shreveport in such good shape that his backers figure—and rightly, too—that he had been off-color.

His latest victory, registered over the veteran Krohn, puts Glenn back in the light-heavy division.

Bryan Downey, Cleveland slugger, weighing well under the middleweight limit as laid down by the Louisiana Commission, made matters miserable for Happy Littleton, in the latter's home town at New Orleans on December 15. He received a draw with the Native Son of the South. The principals battled at a speedy clip for the entire 15 rounds and the decision was accepted as a good one by the fans.

Bobby Hughes, New Iberia, La., who started his boxing career in Shreveport—lo! these eons ago—went 15 rounds to a draw with Del Williams at Shreveport on December 15. The home youth showed improved form over his recent appearances. Williams, a likeable little laddie, has the earmarks of a comer in the bantie brigade and —(this is written with the best intentions)—provided he concentrates on training and attends to his knitting as a budding champeen should, he will yet get his name on the streamers, not only in Louisiana, but other states as well. Having put his business affairs in the hands of Guy Rous

George Drew, of the Pacific Coast, who seeks matches with the best of lightweights. He is stopping in Portland, Me.

and Jimmy Cox, a couple of birds who know the game of hit-and-miss, Williams will be carried along at a clip that should assure him many engagements, provided, again, that he does the right thing by those who have shown an interest in his future.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS

By Art Winch

Charlie White has started training for his bout with Rocky Kansas in Madison Square Garden New York, this month. Charlie is working out at Ferretti's Loop Gymnasium, and though he already was in good condition when he started, he realizes that Kansas is a tough customer and he intends to be in the "pink" for the Buffalo wolloper.

The amateur boxing shows have made a big hit with the Windy City fans. Ferretti's Gym has been drawing big crowds for the simon-pure shows. Phil Collins has been named as the referee for the bouts and he has given eminent satisfaction to date. Gold medals and silver cups are presented to the winners at these bouts.

Chicago has a youngster who will bear watching. He is a lightweight and his name is Jimmy Anderson. They call him "The Fighting Newsboy." He recently fought a sensational ten-round draw with Buck O'Brien.

The fight promoters have offered Ever Hammer plenty of work this winter. The gritty lightweight has a bundle of good propositions before him, but doesn't know which ones to accept. He is wanted in several cities in the East and probably will show his wares in New York this winter.

Bud Christiano, who used to make Buffalo his headquarters but who now is receiving his mail in Chicago, is hot on the trail of Willie Jackson, Johnny Dundee and Pal Moran. Recent fights have shown Christiano to possess a stiff punch and a lot of aggressiveness. The fans who have seen him in action like his work.

Twins in boxing are unusual. Some of these days—when they grow big enough—Sig and Manny Burman will be heard from. They have been boxing at private clubs here for sometime and have shown wonderful form. It won't be long until they can step out into the pro ranks, where they are likely to become dangerous opponents for the little fellows.

Charlie Cutler, the well known wrestler, is back in town and will rest up for a spell and then issue a couple of challenges to Strangler Lewis. Cutler just returned from a tour of the country, during which time he took on all comers and cleaned up. He is now under the management of Phil Elwell.

After three months' layoff with a broken hand, Mike Dundee is back in town and ready to resume boxing. He has started training and several bouts have been tentatively accepted for him by his manager, Dick Curley. A bout with Johnny Kilbane is the big one that Dundee has his eyes on.

Charlie White, leading contender for Benny Leonard's crown, is all het up over the possibility of meeting Leonard this winter. The last time they were to have boxed, Leonard called off the fight because of defective gums. The proposed match will be held in the Madison Square Garden in New York City. It will be a fifteen round bout to a decision. White has fought nearly all the champions in his time, but all of the matches were no decision contests. White's knockout of Richie Mitchell in Madison Square Garden has boosted Charley's stock considerably. He is the only logical opponent for Leonard and Chicago fight fans will place a fortune on Charley if he ever gets into the ring with Leonard.

The most talked about boys in Chicago are the Burman twins. They are the best looking youngsters since the days when Jimmy Barry was in his heydey. One of them is Sig, a bantam, and the other Manny, a featherweight, but to look at them one cannot tell them apart. They have been boxing for a year, in which time they had several fights and won all. Both boys are training with Charlie White, who has taken an interest in them. He is teaching them the tricks of the game. Both boys are under the management of Silive Ferretti, who had Hugo Kelly several years ago.

Ever Hammer, lightweight contender, is back in harness after a few months' lay off on account of a sore hand which he received while in training. Hammer's first bout last month was with K. O. Marrs, at Cincinnati, which Hammer won on a foul in the eighth round. Hammer was winning all the way until he was fouled. His manager, George Ferguson, has several matches for him in sight. He intends to bring Ever to New York to get a crack at some of the lightweights there.

Rocky Joyce North, West Side featherweight, who is under the management of John McMahon, the matchmaker of the Midway Athletic Club, is boxing in good form since his return from New York, where he met some of the best boys in his class. Since Joyce hooked up with McMahon, he has been kept busy. He met Charlie Glaser, Tim Hurst, Harry Gaba, Frankie Kennard, Jack Eile, and others in recent bouts. A match is now in making for the Midway A. C. with Eddie Anderson, who is rated with the leading featherweights in the country.

The Ring is selling big at all the shows here, as the fans know they are getting their money's worth. A big demand is in for this month's issue. Most of the Chicago fans have given an advance order.

CLEVEVLAND NOTES

By Ray Campbell

Cleveland boasts of a trio of knuckle slingers who bid fair to cause Mickey Walker, newly crowned king of the welters, many sleepless nights and days filled with mental unrest. They are Vincent Pokorni, Johnny Karr and Vic Cragg.

Cragg and Pokorni are stable mates, being handled by Tommy McGinty, while Karr is managed by Jimmy Dunn. Karr and Pokorni are veterans while Cragg is practically a beginner.

Pokorni cut quite a swath in the lightweight and light-welterweight classes a couple years ago, beating such men as Karr, Johnny Griffiths, Frankie Callahan, Jack Perry, Phil Bloom, Ray Pryel and boxing a ten-round draw with Lew Tendler, but retired when at the top of his form to please his mother. He recently decided to try a come-back and has shown all his old time stuff, knocking out several of the best 145 pounders around Ohio.

Karr has been boxing for several years but was never considered more than a fair preliminary boy until Dunn took him in hand. Now he is one of the best welters in the country. He recently beat Jock Malone and knocked out Wildcat Nelson, Tillie "Kid" Herman and Denny O'Keefe.

Cragg leaped into the lime glare when he knocked out Johnny Kilbane's highly touted protege, Tommy McLaughlin, at Lorain recently, McLaughlin had been boosted to the high heavens by the featherweight king who was certain that Thomas was the lad who would eventually knock Walker loose from his title. However, Cragg queered John's plans by dumping McLaughlin in two rounds. Vic looks like a real prospect and will probably go far along the fistic highway.

Jerry Sachs is singing the praises of his pair of stars, Billy McCann and Johnny Klesch. McCann, a lightweight, recently returned from Australia. He has a mighty impressive record, having knocked out Earl France, Tommy O'Brien, Bud Christiano and other top notchers. He has also boxed George Chaney, Charlie O'Connell, Alex Hart, Rocky Kansas and others. Klesch is one of the toughest middleweights in the game with a record of having met all the top notchers.

Benny Valger, most logical contender for the junior featherweight title, recently decisively defeated K. O. Jeakle at Toledo. Jeakle had acquired quite a reputation, having beaten Sid Barberian and other top notchers, but Valger made him look like a novice.

The Youngstown Boxing Commission has barred Frank Carbone for running out after he had contracted to box Jeff Smith there. Carbone boxed Smith several years ago and was given quite a pasting. He has since refused many offers for bouts with the Bayonne wizard, always giving as his excuse the statement that Smith is no gentleman. No more gentlemanly boxer than Smith ever appeared in the ring.

Bryan Downey apparently needs a rest. Jimmy Dunn's hard socking middleweight recently lost two decisions within one week, being beaten by Frankie Schoell and Louis Bogash.

Johnny Downs, the Cleveland lightweight, has returned to his native heath after spending a couple years in Boston. Downs, one of the flashiest lightweights in the game, has boxed Frankie Schoell, Johnny Clinton, Benny Valger, Jimmy Fruzetti, Frankie Britt, Ned Fitzgerald and Tony Zill. He is managed by Tommy McGinty.

Danny Frush, the local featherweight, recently knocked out Bert Hanley in the fifth round of a scheduled twenty round bout at the National Sporting Club in England.

Jimmy Dunn is handling a little bantam, Al Corbett by name, who is one of the sweetest battlers in the division. He will probably vault into the limelight some day just as Willie Jackson did when he thumped Johnny Dundee on the whiskers.

Richie Colbert and Jimmy Katz, Tommy McGinty's lightweights, are pining for fights. Colbert is a former amateur champion and a mighty good boxer. Katz is one of the toughest lightweights extant.

Johnny Kilbane has made several vain efforts to land Al Ziemer a match with any of the top notch bantams in the east. Ziemer has more stuff than ninety-nine per cent. of the 118 pounders but was apparently "born to blush unseen."

WITH DETROIT BOXERS

By D. Goldberg

Detroit fight fans are all het up over the fact that local boxers are being ignored while out-of-town talent is being given the preference in boxing matches. They feel that with such stars as Bob Sage, Sid Barberian, Pete Choike, Jack McAuliffe, Homer Smith, Chuck Allman and Bart Palmer, in addition to many other lesser lights, there is plenty of good material here without the need for transporting Eastern boys who invariably make poor showings because they think they are performing before persons who don't know the fight game. It's all wrong and a quick remedy is needed.

Local matchmakers are being urged to give local boys a chance and it is safe to predict

they will harken to the voice of the fans, the persons who pay the freight. Matchmaker Norman Andries is one of the first to take up the cudgels for the home talent and his efforts are highly appreciated by Detroit fight patrons.

Red McLaughlin, who is being piloted by Billy St. Marys, of Saginaw, former trainer of Kid Lavigne and other good boys, besides being the world's champion bag puncher, is out after Sid Barberian's crowd of state, lightweight champion.

Red uses the same style that made Lavigne one of the ring's immortals. He can take a hard wallop and send one back a little harder. Billy has just returned from Scotland, England and Wales. The red headed Scotchman beat every boy he fought on the other side.

Billy is also promoting bouts at Saginaw.

The outstanding clubs in Detroit at present are the Lennox and the American Legion, both are trying for stellar attractions and they are trying to make matches in which all high class men perform.

An amateur tournament would be the real thing in Detroit at present as it would help bring out some of the local boys and add interest to the game. Every Amateur has a few admirers and it does not take long before they become ardent fans.

Phil McGraw, a Greek boy who started boxing last winter, has been coming along in great style. Since beating Phil Gusamano, in one of his first appearances, Phil has a lot of admirers among the shoe shiners and Restaurant keepers. He made a great hit with them when he defeated the Banana peddler but Gusamano says it was his hard fight a few days previous to the McGraw bout that in which he injured his leg, that really caused him to lose to McGraw. A return bout he says will leave no excuse should he lose again.

Chuck Allman won the State Fly and Bantamweight Championship when he beat Jean LaRue in the main event of the last Elks' show. He should be in line for a crack at Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro or some of the other good flyweights. He also has decisions over Bud Taylor, Frankie Mason, Battling Chink, Eddie O'Dowd and other good boys.

Alex Hart protege of Johnny Kilbane, made quite a hit here recently when he beat Tony Dennis of Milwaukee at the Elks' show.

Pete Choike the Polar Bear, who packed them in at the Elks' opening show when he was beaten by Ted Marchant, a crackerjack little English boy who recently came to Detroit, journeyed over to Lansing, Michigan, and gave Joe Burton of Lansing a terrific beating, but failed to get the newspaper decision.

The Shamrock A. C. which is located at Woodward and Larned Aves., here has installed a lot of new paraphernalia for the boxers at this Club. Everything is free. Danny Sullivan, Jimmy Hanley and others connected with the Club, are red hot fans and great boosters of boxing in Detroit.

Al Werbe is at it again, this time at Flint, where he has opened a high class gym. He is also figuring on running some bouts there before long, Al has a good Bantamweight in Joe Schwartz and is the boy to push him to the top.

George (Bull Dog) Furnish made a great hit in his recent fights here, by decisively beating Corporal Schwartz and Joe Cutler. He has all the earmarks of a great boxer. He has a cool head and a fine punch along with a left hand that reminds one of Jack Britton when no one could get by that now famous left of the former champion. Furnish is only a little fellow.

Another good boy is George Erntine the Flying Dutchman, who made a big hit when he easily won over Joe Crotty. Erntine showed too much speed for the former amateur champion. He gave him a bad lacing. Though a heavyweight Erntine has the fast movements of a Welterweight, and can hit along with it.

Bob Sage, the University Student, who went against Jock Malone recently, was overmatched and as a result poor Robert, found Jock sending them from every direction after that first bell sounded. Luckily though not intentionally Malone fouled Sage in the seventh round and was disqualified.

NEW ENGLAND PICK-UPS

By Charles Turner

Johnny Walker, who sprained his wrist in his bout with Kid Dube at Sanford, is now ready to take on the best featherweights in the country. Walker is a good, game boxer and always pleases the fans.

Harry Kid Lewis, Lewiston's fighting Greek, has given up the boxing game, as he says it is a tough racket, and from now on he will box beefstews in a local restaurant.

Harry engaged in four bouts and was knocked out on each occasion. He claims in his new occupation he is always sure of three squares.

The Boost Sports A. C. of Lewiston has taken a lease of the Dominican Hall in that town and is conducting a gymnasium. They have installed a steam room, shower baths and many other devices to make it an up-to-date place. Many business men in town have already joined and it will be conducted in a high-class manner. In a few years Lewiston will be boasting of many high-class fighters, as most of the boys in that State have the natural ability but never had the proper attention and the facilities that the boys in the larger cities had.

E. M. Jones, well known throughout Maine, a man who has booked the best boxers in the country in the Pine Tree State, is promoting boxing in Waterville. He should make a success in that city, as he is an old hand at the game and he knows how to pair off the boxers.

Nap. Dufresne, former featherweight champion of Canada, has been training a few boys in his gym at Waterville, who will bear watching in the future.

Frank MacGillicuddy, who does the refereeing for the Boost Sports Club in Lewiston, also does the announcing at the Pine.

Jimmy Fitzgerald, who is the boxing instructor at the Portland A. C. of Portland, is handling Kid Clarke and several other boxers. Jimmy is a well-liked fellow throughout the State and should keep his boxers busy.

Tom Travers, who handles Dusty Dumont, Steve Travers, Jack Bergeron, Johnny Walker and many other preliminary boys, is going to promote boxing in Biddeford in the near future.

A match that is sure to come off in the near future is Bing Conley and Bill Dube. Dube recently stopped Utah Kid in six rounds, and Bing knocked out Dube in one round. It would be a great card in Waterville.

Skid Blumenthal, who is the matchmaker for the Eastern A. C. in Portland, has been giving the fans some real high-class boxing. Skid is very popular with the fans, and if he keeps up the good work the Pine Tree Club will have to look for new territory.

A new club has been formed in Augusta and will be backed by some prominent business men. They conduct their shows at the City Hall and Roy Day will do the matchmaking.

Bill Cronin, well known in Maine sporting circles, has just returned from a tour through Canada and the States and will reside in Lewiston for the rest of the winter.

PHILADELPHIA GOSSIP

By Ross Kaufmann, Philadelphia North American

Roche Rogers, a legitimate 126-pound featherweight, who made good in four bouts at the Ice Palace last winter, is anxious to show Philadelphia fans that he is still a hard-hitting ringster. In his last bout in the Quaker City he knocked out Ned Fitzgerald, the Australian, in three rounds at the National A. A. Rogers' home town is in Wilmington.

Joe Smith, manager of Tommy Loughran, was offered a tempting bout in Oklahoma City with Cowboy Padgett, the rugged Westerner, but had to turn it down as Loughran was tied up with his Lou Bogash bout at the Arena. Loughran may take the Western trip later.

Al Vano, the hard hitting French bantamweight from North Philadelphia, who has fought many topnotchers, including Danny Kramer, Joe Nelson, Larry Goldberg, Willie O'Connell and a number others, would like to step in the ring with K. O. Joe O'Donnell. Vano has been side-stepped by a number of boys in his class.

Jimmy Dougherty has George Godfrey, his big negro heavyweight, all warmed up for all the big boys. Godfrey has been training at the Dougherty quarters in Leiperville and is as hard as nails. He weighs around the 190-pound mark and can hit a wicked punch.

That veteran middleweight, Joe Borrell, who has been in the ring for many years, is staging a real comeback. The Kensington mauler has fought topnotchers both in America and Europe. Joe always gets a warm reception when he appears before the Cambria A. C., his neighborhood club.

Frankie Bradley, the former fighter, is now running a restaurant in the heart of Philadelphia. Many of Bradley's old boxing friends can be seen in his place nightly. He was a clever bantamweight.

Whitey Fitzgerald, veteran West Philadelphia lightweight, has been training hard for a strenuous winter campaign. Fitzgerald has a big following in the Quaker City.

Kid Joy, a Philadelphia 108-pounder, is anxious to get hooked up with any of the lads in his class. He especially has his eye on Harry Kid Goodman, but will not sidestep any of them.

Bobby Burman has been laid up with a flock of boils but will soon be seen in action. His last ring appearance was a victory over Johnny Reisler

HEARD IN PITTSBURGH

By RICHARD GUY
Sporting Editor, Pittsburgh Leader.

The severance of business relations between Harry Greb and George Engel has barely raised a ripple in Pittsburgh, the home city of both. Less than a year ago, when Greb returned home from New York after beating Tom Gibbons, the city opened its gates to him. There was a parade, speeches in city hall, banquets, and parties to the theatre he played in, all under the direction of Engel, assisted by Tom Bodkin.

But today the boxing fans are not interested much in who manages the light heavyweight champion. The royal greeting extended Greb and Engel months ago was inspired by friends of both. It was not a lopsided affair.

There is not much interest in boxing in Pittsburgh at the present time. The Motor Square Club has not opened its doors as yet.

There was a rumor out that John Bell, who manages Motor Square and arranges for its bouts, would resign, but the matter was ironed out when Bell and the directors of the Automobile Association met and talked over the difficulties. Bell will continue at his post.

Jimmy Conrad, former manager of Jack Perry, is now the owner of the George Hotel in this city. He is located in the theatrical district.

Art (Pat) Rooney, the ex-college athlete who intended to follow boxing, has abandoned the ring. His father told him if he would continue in school he would start him in a business when he graduates, and that appealed to Art. Rooney, however, will play baseball next summer, as he will captain the Pittsburgh Collegians, controlled by the writer.

Frank Klaus, former middleweight champion, is operating a small fight club in Braddock. He makes his own matches, but does not referee.

Arnold Thornburg, who was a local A. A. U. lightweight champion before he entered the ring and fought under the name of Jack McAuliffe, recently left a local hospital. He had a leg broken while playing football.

Mike Moran, bantam, is the young boxer the bugs hereabouts are talking about. He has fought several good fights in Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

BUFFALO COMMENT

By HUGH SHANNON

Rocky Kansas is training hard in preparation for matches that will soon be made. It is said Kansas will clash with Charlie White, the hard-hitting Chicagoan, in Madison Square Garden before many weeks. Kansas has not boxed since he met Benny Leonard at Michigan City.

Rocky can make a lot of money in the ring yet. He is in big demand and will have no trouble keeping busy at his trade and drawing down good chunks of dough for his work.

Dave Shade did not knock out Jack Perry in Boston recently as reports had it. Perry and Shade fell out of the ring in the seventh round and Perry strained ligaments in his right knee. This forced him to do some holding, and the referee disqualified him for holding. Afterwards the Boxing Commission exonerated Perry when the Commissioner's physician examined the knee at the Avery Hotel and Commissioner Buckley said Perry, who has put up some great fights in Boston, was held blameless. Perry wants to box Shade again, fifteen rounds, and Jack says he will give Dave something to remember him by.

Tommy Ryan, who came to Buffalo several months ago, looks like the best bantam in the country. Ryan hails from McKeesport, Pa., where he got his start and later went to Louisville, Ky. He beat Joe Burman twice and also pasted Pal Moore, Sammy Sandow, Roy Moore and other good ones. This season he beat Chick Suggs and Billy Marlowe at Fall River, Mass., and Danny Brown and Dickie Dundee in Buffalo. Ryan is a master-boxer, a good puncher and has an excellent chance to win the world's championship.

Jock Malone made his first Buffalo appearance here recently and knocked out Johnny Shea, the Cleveland middleweight, who has been making his home here. Jock did the trick with body punches after showing the fans plenty of dazzling boxing speed and cleverness. Malone and Frankie Schoell would pack the Auditorium here, but it is doubtful if Manager Bert Finch will allow Malone to come in at catchweights. Finch says he will insist on Jock doing the welter limit—147 pounds—if he wants a match with Schoell.

MONTREAL GOSSIP

By MAXIE LEWIS

At the Monument National on December 4 the fans were treated to one of the best cards of fighting seen here in months. In the main bout Moe Herscovitch and Jack Thomas battled ten fast rounds to a draw. Thomas had the better of the long range fighting, scoring repeatedly with a sweeping left swing, while Herscovitch took the honors in the infighting and forcing the fight most of the way.

The semi-final between Jake Sherman, 125½, and Kid Roy, 124, turned out to be a regular sock contest that had the fans upon their seats on numerous occasions. Roy was declared winner, but Sherman's gameness was a feature of the bout. A great fight and worthy of a return engagement was the general opinion. "Sailor" Jones defeated Young Brady in a six-round prelim. In his last two starts Brady scored one-round K. O.'s over his opponents, but in meeting the tatooed sailor, Brady was handed a tough nut to crack. "Pepper" Goldie lost to Marty Bloom in four rounds. Bloom is showing improvement.

An evening of knockouts was handed the customers at the Imperial Theatre, Quebec, on December 4. Less than five full rounds of boxing out of a scheduled thirty-round card were fought. In the main bout, Kid Laliberte knocked out Joe Williams, of Quebec, in the first round. The men were bantamweights. Jimmy Britt, of Montreal, was K. O.d by Young McNaughton, of Quebec, in the second round of the semi-final. Frank Corrigan, of Stoneham, knocked out Steve Kramer, of Montreal, in the second round of the ten-round preliminary.

Five thousand fans saw Bobby Ebor, Canadian bantam champion, defend his title against Patsy Wallace. For the first four rounds Wallace had the shade. Ebor chose to mix it with him and got the worst of it, but starting the fifth Bobby changed his tactics. Working under instructions, he would jab, step back and meet Wallace coming in. Ebor won by clearly out-boxing the Phily boy. His excellent defense and that old left of his was working in grand style.

It was very close just the same because Wallace carried the fight to Ebor almost all the way. The semi-final between Bert Palmer, of Toledo, and George Siddons, of Pittsburgh, two 126 pounders, was a hummer, the latter winning the decision. Alex Burlie defeated Lew Bloom, of Columbus, in a well fought six-round bout, while Norman Cave won from Kid Cuba, a tough colored boy, in another six rounder.

The opener, a six-round draw between Phily Lisner and Billy McCarthy, was also worth watching.

At the Monument National on December 14 Oscar Deschamps, who has not boxed since his two great battles with Frankie Fleming, knocked out Jimmy Fruzetti, ex-lightweight champion of New England, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Deschamps seems to have lost some of his speed, but he hits harder and his punches are shorter. In the dressing room after the bout Fruzetti, with tears in his eyes, declared he was through.

Jack (Kid) Wolfe, of Cleveland, junior featherweight champion, was defeated by Benny Gould, of Toronto, in the feature bout of ten rounds on December 26 at Toronto. This bout was announced for the title which Wolfe held and lost to Gould. Curly Wilshur won from Chris Newton, while George Fifield K. O.d Dick Atkins in the fourth round.

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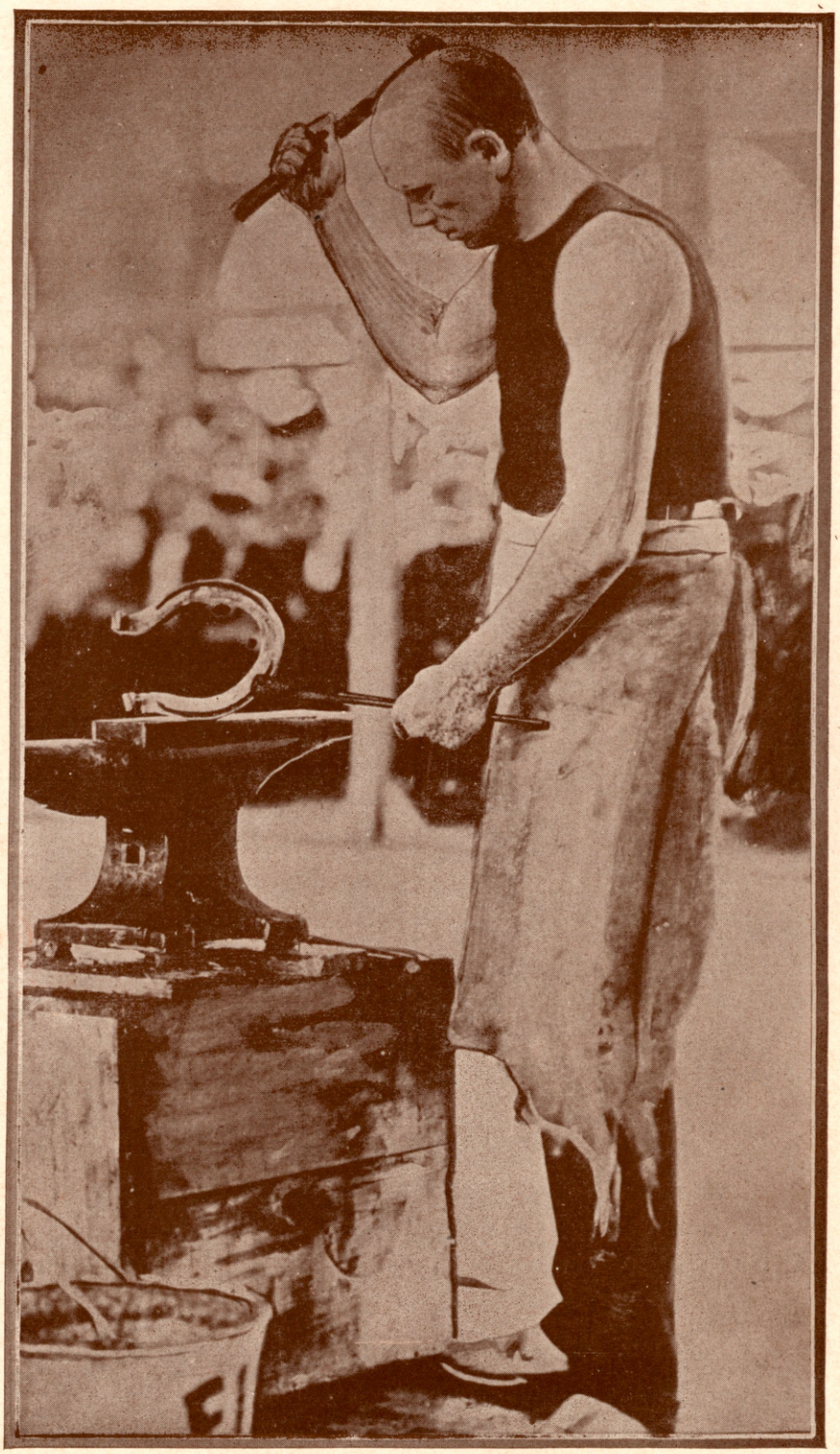

Bob Fitzsimmons was really a good blacksmith. He quit his trade, of course, when he left Australia to chase after the world's heavyweight title, which he eventually landed at the expense of Jim Corbett. Swinging the hammer at the anvil gave Bob the great strength he possessed in his forearms. Bob toured the country several times, doing a theatrical stunt that showed him at the forge. This picture is one of the few in existence of Bob in his smithy costume.